THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 157 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · DECEMBER 18, 1943 NUMBER 25

IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 717

EDITORIALS

Smuts Thinks Aloud 720
Republicans All 720
Amateur Political War 721

ARTICLES

The New Secessionism *by I. F. Stone* 722
Winston Churchill in War and Peace *by Harold J. Laski* 723
75 Years Ago in *The Nation* 726
A Tax on Money Hoarding *by George Richmond Walker* 727
Diary of the Future. VI. De-Nazifying Germany *by Vernon Bartlett* 729
In the Wind 731

POLITICAL WAR

How French Resistance Grew *by Jules Moch* 732
Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 734

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Mind Is an Enchanting Thing *by Marianne Moore* 735
The Poetry of Millay *by Delmore Schwartz* 735
Life of a Hero *by Keith Hutchison* 736
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 737
When Freedom Is Forgotten *by Reinhold Niebuhr* 738
Drama *by Margaret Marshall* 740
Films *by James Agee* 741
Art *by Clement Greenberg* 741
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 742

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 743

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 43 *by Jack Barrett* 744

Editor and Publisher
FREDA KIRCHWEY

Managing Editor ROBERT BENDINER
Washington Editor I. F. STONE
Literary Editor MARGARET MARSHALL

Editor Political War Section
J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Associate Editors
KEITH HUTCHISON MAXWELL S. STEWART

Assistant Editor J. MITCHELL MORSE
Music Critic B. H. HAGGIN
Drama Critic JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Board of Contributing Editors
NORMAN ANGELL JONATHAN DANIELS
LOUIS FISCHER REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Business Manager HUGO VAN ARX
Advertising Manager MARY HOWARD ELLISON

Published weekly and copyright, 1943, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building.

The Shape of Things

NOT SINCE RECONSTRUCTION DAYS HAVE sectional feelings run so high in the halls of Congress—and never, we believe, have they been so strictly spurious. When Senator Guffey denounced the "unholy alliance" between certain Southern Democrats and certain Republicans to kill the Green-Lucas soldier-vote bill, he touched off an explosion out of all proportion to the dynamite involved. After all, Southerners have many times in the past teamed up with Republicans, as they have every right to do, and the charge has never before sent them bellowing in defense of their honor, as when Senator Bailey, "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," swore last week that "by the eternal gods, there are men in the South, and women, too, who will not permit men in control of our party to betray or to insult us in the house of our fathers." The hard fact is that the Southern gentlemen in question—and as I. F. Stone points out elsewhere in these pages, the Southern contingent in Congress is far from unanimous on the subject—did a dirty day's work when they voted to leave the balloting of the armed forces to the states. It can't be done that way, and the Senators know it. Their bluster and hollow oratory, their threats to withdraw from the party and forgo the patronage which they have enjoyed beyond their due, are childish attempts to becloud the issue. The House has not yet accepted the craven measure of the Senate. We hope that from every city and village in this country messages pour in on its members conveying the simple conviction that the right of our men on the battlefield to vote is paramount to the poll tax, paramount to political considerations, and paramount to a lawyer's narrow reading of the Constitution.

*

THE WPB PRODUCTION SCHEDULES FOR 1944 as outlined to the National Association of Manufacturers by Charles E. Wilson must have come as quite a shock to those who have been anticipating an early return to business as usual. Mr. Wilson declared that the war in Europe will tax both our capacity for sacrifice and our capacity for industrial production "beyond anything we have experienced so far," and added that "foolish optimism would only play into the hands of Japanese strategists." He pointed out, however, that the program for 1944 would be more complicated and diffi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cult for the public to understand because some industries, such as shipbuilding and aircraft manufacture, will be called on for a supreme effort at a time when others are being reconverted for essential civilian production. Aircraft tonnage for 1944, for example, is expected to increase nearly 40 per cent above the present levels, while output of ordnance, signal equipment for the ground army, and small arms ammunition is to be drastically reduced. Mr. Wilson's final warning to the N. A. M. against a "right-wing reaction" that would "imperil the entire structure of American life" and play into the hands of the enemy deserved far more emphasis in the press than it obtained.

*

THE OFFICIAL TURKISH STATEMENT ON THE Cairo conference by Foreign Minister Menemencioglu has thrown cold water on the assumption that Turkey was ready for immediate entrance into the war on the Allied side. While the tone of the statement left no doubt that the conference between President Inonu and the Allied leaders was extremely cordial, it clearly implied that Turkey was unprepared to take the risks of war under present conditions. Whether arrangements were made for the leasing of Turkish bases or other assistance short of war is, of course, another matter, and one about which the Germans are anxiously fishing for information. It may be assumed that Roosevelt and Churchill did not make the journey to Cairo merely for the purpose of acquainting President Inonu with Allied plans. But there are so many ways in which Turkey can be of help to the Allies that the Germans are left guessing as to what actually went on. The first tangible results of the talks may be seen in the sudden panic in Bulgaria, where pro-Russian and pro-British elements appear to have created a major crisis over the question of continued Bulgarian assistance to the Axis. Although the presence of German troops makes Bulgaria's withdrawal from the war unlikely, particularly in view of Italy's experience, it is not inconceivable that both Turkey and Bulgaria might swing into the Allied camp in the event of a major Balkan invasion.

*

THE NEW PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT SET up in Yugoslavia presents the Allies with an uncomfortable dilemma. So far they have tried, hopefully, to pretend it didn't exist, but this form of primitive magic cannot be expected to work long. The cabinet established under the presidency of the distinguished liberal, Dr. Ivan Ribar, is backed by Tito's Partisan army. And the Partisans, as both the State Department and the Foreign Office acknowledge, are now receiving more assistance from the Allied commands than is the official army of General Mihailovich. Also, the new Provisional Government is on the soil of Yugoslavia, while the Royal Government is in Cairo—a long way from home. When the Allied armies land in force on the western shores of the Adriatic, they will find the new government functioning on the spot and will be forced to deal with it or with none at all. It is, in fact, difficult to believe that Dr. Ribar's cabinet was created without the knowledge and consent—or something more—of the Allied officers now on the staff of Marshal Tito. For once military expediency coincided with the will of the people and outweighed the dictates of formal diplomacy. So the diplomats will have to get out of an uncomfortable situation as best they can. Their probable course was indicated by Secretary Hull when he said that the policy of the Allies is to aid any group effectively fighting the Germans and that "internal political questions" could wait until later. The practical objection to this policy is obvious. Too many guns, too much ammunition supplied to Mihailovich are used against the Partisans, not the Germans. This serves to prolong the civil war and reduce the strength of Tito's army—which is fighting the Germans. The Allies may for the moment continue to recognize King Peter, but they cannot afford to send military supplies to his fascist Minister of War.

*

GENERAL MACARTHUR'S CONFERENCE WITH Lord Louis Mountbatten indicates that for the first time in the war all sectors of the Pacific front are being closely coordinated for early offensive action. As a result of the Cairo conference Chiang Kai-shek has agreed that the Chinese troops now in Burma shall be directly under Mountbatten's command. In the South Seas the Australian troops under General MacArthur and the American sea and ground forces under Admiral Halsey seem to be working closely together in a major drive aimed at Rabaul. The intensification of air activity over the Marshalls and Nauru suggests that the land offensives from the west and south are being carefully coordinated with a major naval push from the east. Tokyo is reported also to fear an air attack from Chinese bases. While it is still too early to say which drives are major and which diversionary, the mounting strength of American sea power in the mid-Pacific strongly suggests that the naval drive is the one that most bears watching. The direct route across the Pacific not only is the shortest but it involves the fewest obstacles. And it has the advantage of placing tremendous pressure on the Japanese navy to come out and fight.

*

IF *READER'S DIGEST* IS ON THE HUNT FOR A lively piece, packed with information and that warm human interest which is the hallmark of the *Digest* article, we commend to its editors the speech by Senator Guffey as set forth in the *Congressional Record* for December 7. The speech is designed to convey the tender sympathy which Guffey feels for a Senatorial colleague because of "the unfair and humiliating position in which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an American periodical" has placed him. The victimized Senator, Butler of Nebraska, made a sixty-day tour of Latin America, Guffey says, under the auspices of this periodical and accompanied by one of its research men. While on tour the Senator faithfully recorded many acute and unimpeachable observations, such as "Mexico is a land of beautiful mountains, colors, contrasts, and resources"; in Honduras "banana plants grow to a height of twenty feet"; Chile is "long and narrow"; and Colombia "is full of mountains." In the meantime the research man was compiling monumental inaccuracies designed, says Guffey, to damn this country's Good Neighbor policy and discredit the Administration. The research man told Butler, for instance, that we have given Latin America six billion dollars as a Good Neighbor handout. What he neglected to point out, Senator Guffey contends, is that this figure includes "the operating cost of running the Panama Canal, our annual purchases of sugar from Cuba, and the military payrolls of our armed forces stationed in various parts of Latin America." This welter of misinformation, Guffey charges, was thrown together by a talented rewrite man on the periodical's staff, some for use in the magazine and some for a Blue Network address prepared for Mr. Butler, an "innocent conduit for unconscionable lies." On second thought, we withdraw as impractical the suggestion with which we started this paragraph. *Reader's Digest* happens to be the periodical involved, and what if several million readers were to feel that Guffey makes out a strong case?

✶

THANKS TO GOVERNOR SALTONSTALL'S determination, the people of Boston can look forward to an end of the anti-Semitic hoodlumism which has recently given the city an ugly name. Against the pressure of a highly organized campaign, in which the American Federation of Labor incidentally disgraced itself, the Governor has replaced Police Commissioner Joseph F. Timilty with Colonel Thomas F. Sullivan, a man who has served his community with competence and integrity for more than twenty-five years. A Catholic and a Democrat, Colonel Sullivan commands the respect alike of Back Bay Republicans, Boston liberal circles, and machine politicians. He has pledged the full facilities of the police department in a drive to wipe out racial violence and has called on citizens to report clashes resulting from bigotry. Much as we wish him well, we cannot help feeling that the new Commissioner has more of a job ahead of him than he appears to realize. According to *PM,* he has already gone on record to the effect that anti-Jewish violence in Boston is largely "kid-stuff" and has declared his intention "to arrest the defamation of the most patriotic city in the U. S. A." If the Commissioner lives up to his pledges—as we have reason to believe he will—and if he acts on the understanding that this sort of "kid-stuff" has its origins in the stream of printed poison now trickling out of shady printing plants throughout the country, he need give no further thought to the "defamation" of Boston. On the contrary, other police chiefs will be sent there for lessons in civic decency.

✶

GOVERNOR DEWEY HAS BEEN PETITIONED BY the New York City C. I. O. Industrial Council and other groups to pardon Morris U. Schappes, who was convicted of perjury as a result of his testimony before the Rapp-Coudert legislative committee three years ago. Despite pressure from that witch-hunting committee, Mr. Schappes did not deny that he was a member of the Communist Party; he did declare that he knew only three other party members on the City College teaching staff. Since this testimony was at variance with that of three other committee witnesses, he was convicted of perjury. The Supreme Court has refused to pass on his appeal, thus closing the door to further legal action. Governor Dewey is not being asked to set aside the conviction but to issue a pardon on the ground that the punishment he has received already is sufficient in view of the indications that the harsh sentence imposed upon him was punishment for being a Communist rather than for the crime of which he was convicted. We do not condone perjury, but we believe that there is serious doubt as to the legality of the whole Rapp-Coudert proceedings and considerable question whether Mr. Schappes received the kind of impartial trial which the Constitution guarantees to everyone, Communist or not. As in the Browder case, which it parallels in many ways, these doubts would seem to justify executive clemency.

✶

LAST WEEK WE REPORTED THE FORMATION in Mexico City of a Spanish Republican committee, the Junta Española de Liberación, under the leadership of Indalecio Prieto. Since then the junta has appointed representatives in London, New York, Buenos Aires, and other capitals, and is obviously hoping to establish itself as a provisional government of the future Spain. We expressed doubt about the validity of its claims as a representative body, pointing out the absence of important political groups among the exiles. In order to get a more exact understanding of the committee's composition, however, we asked for a report from one of the most balanced Spanish leaders in Mexico, Antonio Velao, Minister of Public Works in the Negrín government and a member of the Republican Party. Señor Velao has sent us the following cable:

> The pact concluded between Prieto and Martínez Barrio [former president of the Cortes] has grouped around them the forces they previously controlled without adding anything new. Outside the pact remain all elements representing the proletariat and all those supporting the [Negrín] government. The only novelty has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been the apparent reconciliation between Martínez Barrio and Prieto. [These two leaders during the past year have been in bitter opposition.] As I predicted they are trying to present themselves as moderates who have no contact with the left.

Smuts Thinks Aloud

STATESMEN are often criticized for their tendency to hide their real thoughts, but when one of them starts thinking out loud he is apt to find himself dodging brickbats rather than bouquets. This has been the experience of Field Marshal Jan Smuts, the elder statesman of the British Commonwealth, who in a recent extemporaneous speech propounded a number of ideas which, as he admitted, were "of an explosive nature." The reactions were sharp and various. His references to France were denounced as insulting in Fighting French quarters; his lack of reference to China was interpreted by many commentators as a snub to that great country. The British government found it expedient to deny that he had expressed its views.

There is no doubt that some of the Marshal's phrases were tactless and many of his propositions extremely debatable. Nevertheless, we regard his talk as a useful stimulant to long-range political thinking. Like many other people, he is troubled by the problem of power in the post-war world. The League of Nations, he feels, broke down because its organization emphasized universalism and equality and gave insufficient scope to leadership. After this war he believes that only three great powers—Britain, the United States, and Russia—will be left, and he suggests that they "must retain the leadership . . . and be responsible, in the first instance, for the maintenance of security and for the preservation of world peace; and this primary responsibility will not be affected by any duties resting on the rest of the United Nations."

Believing, as he does, that this trinity of nations holds the key to the future, Smuts is concerned about the coming distribution of power among them. On the one hand, Russia will have risen, meteor-like, to "a position which no country has ever occupied in the history of Europe," while its strength will be magnified by the disappearance of Japan in the Far East. On the other, aloof from Europe yet unable to disinterest itself in Europe's fate, will be the United States, with its massive industrial development and enormous resources. In between will be Britain, rich in prestige but materially poor. For as Smuts truly asserts, Britain will have "nothing left in the till" when the war ends. It has liquidated the major part of the foreign assets which played so important a part in its economy and has gone into debt all round the globe. In its European aspects particularly and vis-à-vis Russia, Britain will be comparatively weak.

Smuts does not advocate any form of Anglo-American union as a remedy for this situation, suggesting, and we think rightly, that such a combination would "stir up international strife." He favors instead the maintenance of the Anglo-American-Russian triumvirate with the strengthening of its weakest link. To achieve this end his tentative suggestion is an invitation to the smaller democracies of Europe—he does not specify more exactly—to take advantage of the elasticity of the British Commonwealth system and become associated with Britain. These countries, he points out, have learned that neutrality is dead and that standing by themselves they are bound to fall under the domination of some great power. If they join the Commonwealth, however, they can retain all the attributes of sovereignty while securing the advantages of mutual defense.

The idea of some kind of political association between Britain and Western Europe is not new. We need only recall Churchill's offer of union to France in June, 1940. That proposal was made in an effort to rally the French in their darkest hour, but it remains a plan which after the war could be backed with very solid political and economic arguments. Together the two countries, with their colonial possessions, would form a very powerful unit, especially if other Western European states became associated with them.

At the present time the outlook for closer relations between Britain and France does not appear very propitious. There is a certain coolness between them to which Smuts has added by his declaration that France will not for a long time, if ever, resume the status of a great power. Goaded by the many slights which have been put on them by their Allies, the Fighting French are in no mood to react enthusiastically to this "realistic" appraisal of the future prospects of France.

Nor is this the only obstacle to the Smuts plan. A major question that arises is how such a branching out of the British Commonwealth would be viewed in Washington and Moscow. The chances are that both would strongly disapprove, though for different reasons. Yet neither this country nor Russia can well afford to see Britain unduly weakened, for that would divide the world into American and Russian spheres of influence—a process which would surely result in a new and more colossal conflict.

Republicans All

AFTER eleven carefree years as carping spectators, Republican leaders are suddenly face to face with the startling possibility that they may ride into power in 1944. Within six months they must work up enough of an idea of what they stand for to present some sort of program to a waiting electorate; and in little more than a year from now, should they win at the polls (a purely

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hypothetical proposition and not a prophecy on our part), they will actually have to be responsible for preventing inflation, for demobilizing the armed services without producing disastrous unemployment, for achieving the turnover from a war economy to a peace economy without vast dislocations, and perhaps even framing a peace that will not mock the gigantic sacrifices made in the war. Solving problems of this magnitude—and heaven help a victorious Republican Party, as well as the rest of us, if they are not solved—will be a very different kind of occupation from the irresponsible nose-thumbing that has passed for Republican statesmanship in Congress.

These dizzying thoughts seem to have engendered something close to panic in the higher reaches of the party. Generals are bobbing up on all sides, each hoping to take the lead in the creation of official policy and at the same time avoid specific commitments that might alienate special-interest groups. Thomas W. Lamont has been urging Wendell Willkie to turn his attention to a constructive domestic program now that (like Dorothy Parker's actress who ran the gamut of emotions from A to B) he has led the party "from isolationism to Mackinac." As far as issues go, Mr. Willkie has been lying low since that achievement, but former Governor Landon is not so shy. Speaking with the authority of a man who swept Maine and Vermont in 1936, Landon told a group of Republican Senators, first, that adoption of similar declarations on foreign policy by the two major parties "would accelerate the danger of a drift toward one party in this country"; and, second, that Republican indorsement of the Moscow pact at this time would be "disastrous for the country."

Four days later Herbert Hoover explained to newspapermen that what Landon meant by these remarks was, first, that he was not at all opposed to the Moscow agreements, which Hoover himself approved; and, second, that, like Hoover again, he was not at all opposed to identical foreign-policy planks for the two parties but only wanted to wait and see what the Democrats had in mind on the subject. On the off-chance that Hoover's clarification might cause some confusion, Arthur Krock of the New York *Times* ventured to straighten things out. He explained that the Hoover interpretation coincided with what Landon had been saying in private conversation though not with what he had released to the press.

Completing the circle of confusion, Willkie then observed that he would abandon any effort to lead the Republicans in 1944 if Landon's views on the Moscow declaration really represented the thinking of the party. Obviously he doesn't believe they do, because he continues openly to seek the nomination, whereas Thomas E. Dewey, who is Landon's choice, is not even a candidate—officially. All of which should be considered in placing an estimate on Landon's conclusion that "in contrast to the hopeless split among the Democrats in every state, the Republican Party is united." There the matter—and Governor Landon—might well be allowed to rest.

Amateur Political War

IT IS true, as was said in these pages last week, that not even the incredible stupidity of the censorship could obscure the importance of the meetings at Cairo and Teheran. The talks between the leaders of the great powers fighting the Axis—so anxiously awaited, so long delayed—were an event too big and packed with meaning to be seriously affected by bungling attempts to control the news. But the bungling was serious just the same. It showed that the Allied governments, successful today in the military field, are dismally inefficient in both the strategy and the technique of political warfare.

Of course Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are at a disadvantage in handling the apparatus of political war. The Axis governments, and those of Russia and China as well, can use the press as a firmly coordinated part of their propaganda machine. The heads of the British and American governments are limited by democratic concepts. In both countries the press and radio are relatively free. Within certain moderate boundaries they follow their own variegated notions of how the war should be reported and explained. They have accepted the need of censorship applied to actual information whose publication might help the enemy. Beyond that point they are willing to cooperate but not to take orders.

This being the case, the military and even the civilian authorities are tempted, too often, to keep the press and radio at a distance. Naturally, the results are deplorable, as Cairo and Teheran amply demonstrated. From the point of view of the war it would be better to have a coordinated press than a quarantined one. To cut off or cripple this vast apparatus of public information and instruction is, in political war, as fantastic as it would be to leave behind all means of transport in landing an army on hostile shores.

What the political leaders of the democracies must do, whether it seems to them a nuisance or not, is to trust their press and radio, to work with them, to build them—as free, volunteer corps—into the structure of the political war machine. Dr. Goebbels has little excuse for laughter these days; but he must have smiled to think that neither Elmer Davis nor Brendan Bracken was even permitted to attend the two great Allied conferences. From the very beginning of their collaboration the President and the Prime Minister have played the game of political warfare like gentlemen rather than professionals. They seem not to understand that the whole great enterprise to which they have committed the lives and resources of their countries will fail if the minds of the peoples of all countries are not won.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Secessionism

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 9

NOT all the Southern Democrats are "Cotton Ed" Smiths or Rankins, but Senator Guffey's charge that an "unholy alliance" of Southern Democrats and Republicans killed the soldiers'-vote bill had enough truth in it to sting, and the Smiths, Byrds, and Baileys are talking secession from the party. Their going would be good riddance, and their followers—if they ever screwed up the courage to sacrifice the federal patronage they now get—would be much fewer than they imagine.

It is not fair, however, to bring in a blanket indictment of Southerners based on the Congressional attack on the soldiers' vote, price subsidies, and the Farm Security program. A Southern Democrat, Worley of Texas, chairman of the Privileges and Elections Committee, was sponsor in the House of the soldiers'-vote bill which the "unholy alliance" defeated in the Senate. A Southern Democrat, Barkley, Administration leader in the Senate, spoke with much feeling and ability in support of that measure. Another Southerner, Russell of Georgia, chairman of the Senate appropriations subcommittee in charge of the Farm Security bill, has been putting up a strenuous fight for the FSA appropriations that were defeated in the House. Two Southerners, Bankhead of Alabama and Marvin Jones of Texas, fathered the Farm Tenant Act which the FSA administers. The Administration is depending on three Southerners—War Mobilization Director Byrnes, Economic Stabilization Director Vinson, and War Food Administrator Jones—in its fight against inflation. Their loyalty is unquestioned, and their weaknesses are, in fact, the obverse of their virtues, for their political value is found in the middle-of-the-road position which enables them to act as a link between the Administration and the Democratic right wing.

What we see in Congress in the fight against the soldiers' vote, price control, and Farm Security is not a Southern plot. It is a coalition of well-to-do farmers and reactionary industrialists anxious first to defeat Roosevelt and, secondly, to boost their war profits. Among them are some elements not only prepared but happy to do this at the expense of the war effort. Representatives of the Southern planter class, intrenched in positions of power through a combination of the poll tax at home and seniority in Washington, are in the vanguard. In the second rank, safely out of sight, are rich and powerful food-processing corporations, expert at mobilizing well-to-do farmers and small business men, and possessing a sinister political maturity, as shown by the role some of them played before the war in organizing and financing such proto-fascist groups as the Associated Farmers. I am sorry to add that this coalition is making skilful use of labor's grievances. The seventy-four-to-four vote in the Senate today for the Truman resolution to grant the railroad workers an eight-cents-an-hour increase is a victory labor will yet regret. For, like the Ickes deal with John L. Lewis, it makes it very difficult to hold the cost-of-living line elsewhere.

Walter Reuther of the Automobile Workers and Russell Smith of the National Farmers' Union effectively exposed the forces behind this coalition in their testimony yesterday before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. Reuther named the powerful processors working with the anti-New Dealers and the farm bloc against the price-control-subsidy program. Your home-town newspaper probably omitted the firms Reuther cited in his attack on the Food Industry War Committee under Clarence Francis. I report them here for your enlightenment: General Foods, Swift, California Packing, H. J. Heinz, National Biscuit, Pillsbury Flour, Borden's, and Grocery Manufacturers of America, Inc. Among them they control most of the famous brands on your breakfast and dinner tables. They are out, as Reuther proved from their own statements, to fix the wages they pay and the prices of the raw materials they buy but to allow "flexible ceilings" on their own products. And how will prices be controlled? "Competition and the innate honesty of the American business man," one of their spokesmen said, "will keep consumer prices from rising."

Allied with these processors, as always, are the Grange, the Farm Bureau, and the "kept" cooperatives of the farm belt. But these, as Smith showed, speak only for the well-to-do farmer. "The fundamental from which all discussion of farm prices must start," this Farmers' Union representative said, "is the relative unimportance of price rises to the majority of farmers. Two-thirds of the nation's farmers sell but 17 per cent of the commercially sold agricultural products. Thus, the one-third of farmers, those who are already in the best financial position, sell 83 per cent of farm products. . . . Those farmers most in need of better incomes receive only about seventeen cents out of every dollar of a farm-price rise." The other side of this picture is the extent to which the farmer, who last year spent 43 per cent of his income on family living expenses, is hurt by a general price increase. The small farmer, like the worker, needs a subsidy program which will ease pressure on marginal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

producers while holding the general cost-of-living line.

The darkest spot in this picture is at the same time its one hope. The combination of well-to-do farmer and reactionary business man finally showed its hand in defeating the Lucas-Green soldiers'-vote bill. The constitutional arguments against it are nonsense. A government that can conscript a man can arrange to let him cast a vote. (Daniel Webster in 1814 used the same arguments against conscription that are now advanced against the soldiers'-vote bill.) A government which can interfere with state debt and tax laws to protect soldiers can interfere with election laws to the extent needed to allow him to vote. Congress decided the constitutional issues a year ago when it passed the soldiers'-vote bill of 1942, waiving state registration and poll-tax provisions. But that bill was passed just before an election, and the Republicans were afraid to join hands with poll-tax Democrats against it. This year they feel strong enough to get away with the Eastland-Rankin substitute, which will have the effect of depriving most soldiers of the franchise. Their hope is that by disfranchising the soldier they can finally defeat the New Deal and so smash social reform in 1944 just as prohibition was put over in 1918. A phrase used by "Cotton Ed" Smith during the final debate Friday told more about their state of mind than pages of speeches on states' rights. Tunnell of Delaware explained that in his state—as in many others—there would be no session of the legislature in time to repair the absence of uniform federal arrangements for a soldier vote. Smith wanted to know why they couldn't have a special session "to provide an opportunity for the precious boys to vote." The sneer is revealing, and the one hope is that the "precious" boys and their families will be roused deeply enough to prevent passage of the Eastland-Rankin bill in the House, to force passage of the Lucas-Green soldiers'-vote bill, and to give the younger men in the armed forces a chance to express themselves at the next election. The fear seems to be that if given the vote the soldiers will cast it for the New Deal. I hope the fear is not unfounded.

Winston Churchill in War and Peace

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, November 30

NO CITIZEN of Great Britain with any love for his country is likely to underestimate the debt it owes to Mr. Churchill. He took over the command of its fortunes when they were at a lower ebb than at any other time since Austerlitz. Save for the support of the other members of the Commonwealth, for a year our people stood alone. After the collapse of France men stood waiting to see Britain surrender. On any showing —numbers, equipment, the power to take the initiative, skill in the art of war on land, preparation, organizing technique—the advantage was on the German side.

Labor welcomed Mr. Churchill as Premier, but for some time his accession to power aroused no enthusiasm among the cohorts of his own party; when he entered the House of Commons for a debate, the applause he received on the Tory benches was formal. Yet within a few months his energy and his courage had awakened among the people a spirit of resolution which no enemy could break. He brought a unity of heart to the nation, a determination to die rather than to surrender, which, as in the weeks of the Battle of Britain, made a Nazi victory unthinkable. To the outside world, the fate of Britain might seem to hang by a thread; to its own citizens, confidence in triumph was born in the hour when, beyond its shores, defeat seemed most inevitable.

That is Mr. Churchill's triumph, and it is no other man's. Admit, as he would be the first to admit, that our people, in the air and on the sea, in field and factory, achieved the impossible, it was still by reason of his consummate leadership that they achieved it. Disaster made no difference; and not since the grim days of Bonaparte had a Prime Minister so dread a tale of disasters to tell. Night after night our cities were relentlessly blitzed; day after day men and women, red-eyed with fatigue, staggered half dead to their work. There was in that year a spirit of courage and fellowship and unbreakable faith which may have been equaled in the historical record but has never been surpassed.

Mr. Churchill saw, little by little, the awakening of the world to what was at stake. He laid the foundations of that Anglo-American partnership which the treachery of Japan sealed at Pearl Harbor; he achieved on June 22, 1941, one of those supreme gestures which make man the master of his fate when, in his sonorous utterance, he wiped out at a stroke the long and miserable tale of Anglo-Soviet misunderstanding and atoned so amply for his errors of 1917-20. Persistence, faith, unremitting zeal—these he displayed in a measure that made us all forget his faults and remember only that, if we followed him, the doom of Hitler and Mussolini was not a dream for which we could ache but an event which we could fulfil.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I do not underestimate the debt we all owe to the Russian people and, not less, to the iron will of its inflexible leader. I measure with a humble gratitude the contribution, first in resources and then in men, of the United States, and the degree in which the foresight and magnanimity of their President made their mobilization both possible and effective. If anyone says that we have bought time with millions of Russian lives in one theater of war and with millions of Chinese lives in another, I respectfully assent. If I am asked to agree that without Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek, without Franklin Roosevelt, and, if I may so phrase it, without the spirit which has come to the common peoples from a tradition as old as Pericles—if I am asked to agree that without these Winston Churchill would have failed and Hitler and his gangsters would have bestridden a beaten London as they bestrode a beaten Paris, I assent at once. But I assent adding—and as an Englishman adding with pride—that he did not need to hear the call of their voices; rather, in a long and bitter campaign, it was Mr. Churchill who called upon them, in speeches that have become a part of the imperishable testament of British freedom, to take their stand by his side. It is his glory that he understood the challenge of the enemy, and did not shrink from the battle implied in that challenge, when others sought to pretend that they could discern in the savage nightmare of a gangster's barbarism the principles of a creative compromise. When the last word is said against Mr. Churchill, this can always be said in his behalf, that from 1933 there was never a moment when he was willing to betray by pretense what we all knew was a cause entitled to demand all that we have and are.

II

I say this of Mr. Churchill partly because I think it is his due and partly because it is the perspective in which any proportionate analysis of his position must be set. His greatness in these years has been in the fulness with which he has symbolized the resistance of the nation to those forces which sought to destroy not merely its independence but the very idea of freedom—the condition upon which that independence remains possible.

But it is important to remember that Mr. Churchill's greatness has a special context of its own. In essence he remains a Whig aristocrat of the eighteenth century. What little of liberalism there is in his composition is the aristocrat's compassion for the misery he sees before him, not an intellectual adaptation to a world in which he sees both the inevitability and the validity of change. Freedom, for him, is set in the background of a half-articulate assumption that his class has a permanent lien on power. That is why he has never understood the meaning of the Russian Revolution. That is why he was so tragically wrong in the Spanish civil war. That is why there were long years in which he wholly misconceived the nature of Italian Fascism. It is because Mr. Churchill is, at bottom, an eighteenth-century Whig that he has no intimate grasp of what is happening in India, that he so badly mishandled the general strike in 1926, that he can see the value of measures of social relief but not the necessity of measures of social transformation. The world he likes to dwell in is still the world of the panoplied magnificence of which we read in diaries like that of Greville. For him the soldier who wins a great battle—he is not the descendant of Marlborough for nothing—the orator who hears the music of Parliamentary cheers, the statesman who "shapes the whisper of the throne," each of these is the inner and ultimate source of historical change.

He has loyalty and magnanimity and imagination, all of them the aristocrat's virtues. So he keeps men in his service whose incapacity he himself suspects, much as a great lord keeps on the footman when he is past his work. So he salutes Stalin, because the man who fights on his side can be forgiven almost everything if he confronts the immediate danger with courage. So he can see, as a narrow, business man's mind like Mr. Chamberlain's could never see, that in danger is an exhilaration which takes ordinary men beyond themselves to a level of action where heroism becomes just part of the normal day's work. And he has generosity. For all his impatience and gusts of anger and reckless hostility to new ideas, he likes a man who stands up to him, and respects the critic who fights for his point of view. Like the aristocrat, too, he thinks in the rhetorical terms of drama, with a sense, always, at the back of his mind that the phrases he uses must be matter which, a century from now, the historian will find quotable. He cannot understand the man who shuns the conflicts of the market-place, the brooding, philosophic type who looks beyond the moment to grasp the causes of things.

History for him is the dramatic movement from peak to peak. It is a gorgeous pageantry, a spectacle in which the crowd cheers the great heroes and hisses the villains. The slow, patient accumulation of knowledge which issues, at long last, in the sweeping generalization means nothing to him until the great moment when the decisive conquest can be displayed, when the map of the hinterland announces that the geographer can stand, like Cortez, in proud mastery on the mountain summit he has climbed. He would have understood Alexander and Caesar, Drake and Chatham and Napoleon. To command men greatly, to be the big figure in the big play, this, for Mr. Churchill, is life enriched, life made complete and whole, life fulfilled.

III

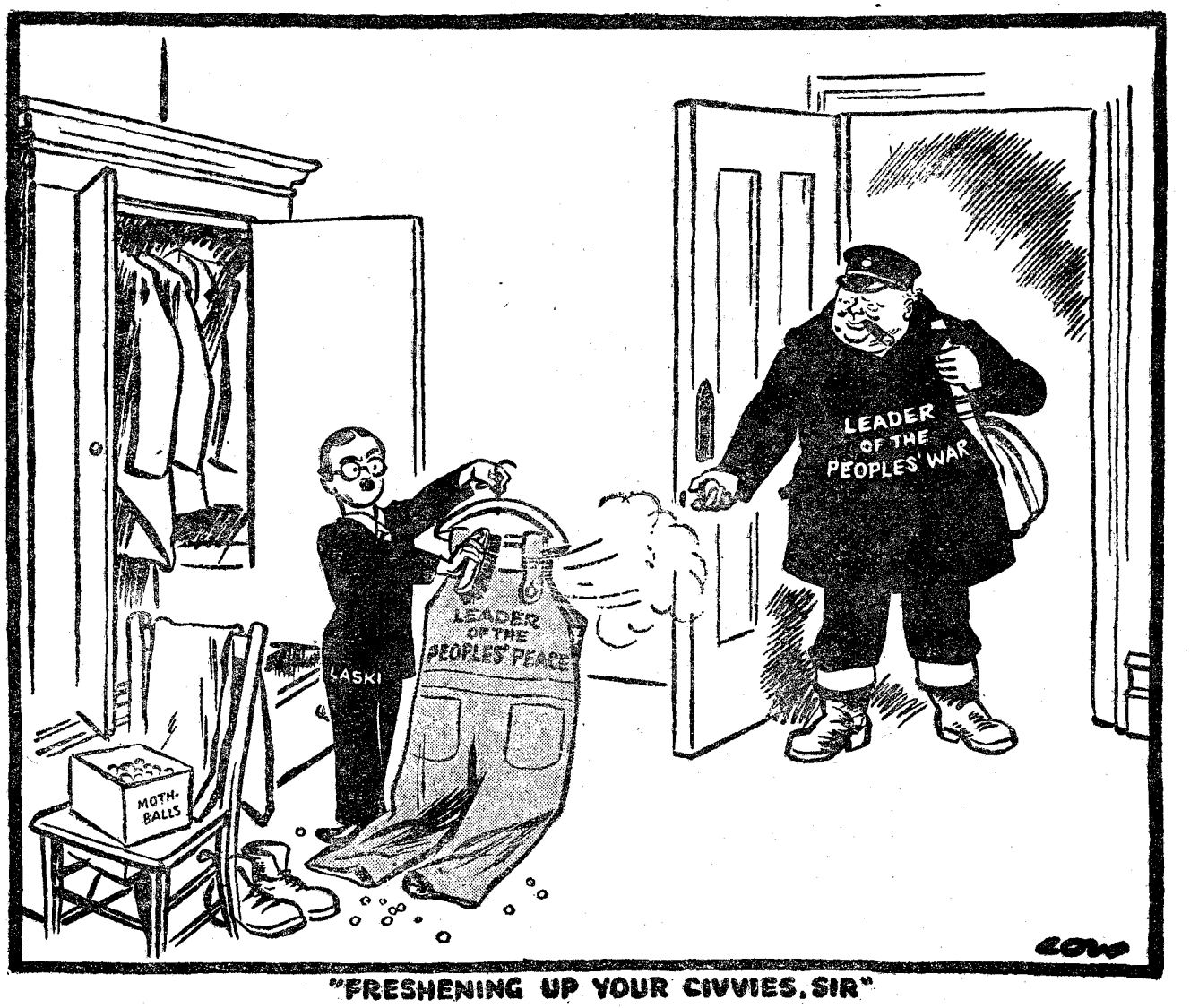
In my own view, then, Mr. Churchill is one of the great anachronisms of our time. The war he is waging is not the war that history has staged. He fights Hitler as Marlborough fought Louis XIV, as Pitt fought Na-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poleon. The immense social forces which have gone to make this war are as outside his consciousness as the principles of the Russian Revolution are outside his understanding. He is not really interested in a post-war world in which the foundations are revised. Partly that is because, like the typical Whig aristocrat, he sees all politics in terms of people on his side of the House of Commons or on the other side; he is unaware of the impersonal forces of history. He can understand Mr. Bevin, but not trade unionism; Herbert Morrison, but not socialism; Lloyd George, but not liberalism. His insights are always concrete and not abstract.

His imagination is visual, and the thing which influences him is always the thing before his eyes. He can sympathize with all the earnestness of his generous nature with East Enders in London whom the blitz has rendered homeless; he cannot feel in the same way for unemployed miners in Wales or displaced shipwrights in Jarrow. He can put all his mind and heart into the things that interest him: the plan of a battle, for instance, or a bill of which he is going to take charge. But it is difficult to win his attention for something remote from his own sphere of action.

Like all the men of our time whose roots are in the Grand Whiggery of the eighteenth century, Mr. Churchill is an intense individualist. If it be said that in that period, between 1906 and 1914, when his fortunes were associated with the Liberal Party, he was one of the most ardent supporters of an "advanced" program, there are, I think, two answers. First, because he is a great adventurer, whatever Mr. Churchill does he is compelled to do intensely; since there had to be action in those years, he supported the call for action with all his strength. And, secondly, no one who examines the speeches of his Liberal period can fail to note in him then the son of Lord Randolph Churchill; their spirit is that of Tory democracy, which in its turn was the child of Disraeli and the Young England of the forties. The real Winston Churchill is imperialist, paternalist, in favor of a strong government which shelters the weak from the blasts of life. But he is not concerned to build a world in which the weak can stand by themselves. An equalitarian society has no interest for him. He would hate a world which found no room for the romantic exploits of the empire-builder. His temperament makes him transform every argument into a battle, and once he has engaged his



"FRESHENING UP YOUR CIVVIES, SIR"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forces, while he loves the game, he is desperately anxious for victory.

He deploys the forces of a Britain whose bargain with fate he conceives, in its large outlines, to have been finally made. Its magnificent past enthrals him so that he cannot go beyond it for his inspiration. Each of its institutions, each, indeed, of its possessions, is for him like some dear family heirloom with which he cannot bear to part. And he finds it difficult to admit as a colleague anyone who does not think in these terms. He can understand Cobbett, because in that stout old agitator was concealed an ardent Tory. But Shelley or William Morris, the Webbs or Bernard Shaw, these and their ideas breed in him at once a sense of profound mistrust. They can reject the past he cherished without a single sigh of regret; or like Mr. Shaw they can laugh at his idols without any emotion of sacrilege.

Mr. Churchill has not a speculative mind; with him a theory begets not interest but suspicion. His habits of thought have been formed in the House of Commons, where the men on the front benches argue either to keep power or to achieve it. Even his books are nothing so much as speeches; and his vast life of Marlborough cannot be judged unless it is regarded as a massive reply to a vote of censure. So that the future of Mr. Churchill turns above everything on the issue of whether the problems faced by Britain are soluble within the framework of its traditions. If they are, Mr. Churchill will end his career in a blaze of glory. If they are not, he may well come, like the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo, to seem like some splendid but obsolete survival of a vanished epoch. His best friends will wish that, as the war closes, he will retire to write a history which in interest would rival Thucydides; but I think those are more likely to prevail who urge upon him that the man who won the war must at least inaugurate the peace. He will not yearn to profit by his own solemn warning that a great war minister seldom succeeds in the epoch which seeks to consolidate his victory.

His weaknesses are monumental; no honorable opponent can fail to recognize that his virtues are monumental, too. He has always had courage; he has always seen the virtue of audacity where audacity was called for; he has always hated wrong where he could see that wrong had been inflicted. Throughout his life he has been a loyal friend and a generous foe. He has had imagination and pity in that grand manner to which he was born. He has always met danger without flinching, and the more dark the hour the more proudly he has faced its threats. He has loved life in every aspect that called for the soldier's virtues. He has known, as few men have known, how to evoke the best in those who served him. I do not think the future historian will grant him that supreme quality which makes perhaps half a dozen statesmen in the last four centuries the decisive architects of a new world. But I think he will say of Mr. Churchill that in one of the most splendid hours in the history of his country no man did more to safeguard its strength and maintain its dignity.

[*This is the first of several articles by Mr. Laski which will appear during the winter.*]

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

WE HAVE NOW ENTERED on a period of general migration. Hardly anybody passes his life amongst those who knew him in his childhood. The Western states may be said to be largely peopled by persons of whose antecedents their neighbors are entirely ignorant. The Eastern states are largely peopled by persons who are ready to move at a moment's notice, and to whom their reputation in the locality in which they live is of very little consequence.—*December 3, 1868.*

MR. DISRAELI IS THE FIRST JEW who has had a chance of taking his seat by the side of the barons whose ancestors used to draw the teeth of his by way of prevailing upon them to part with their money. But he has refused . . . "to sink into insignificance and an earldom."—*December 3, 1868.*

THE FARCE KNOWN as the trial of Jefferson Davis has reached a new stage during the past week. To a proper understanding of the performance, it is as well to remember that it has been known from the beginning that his conviction in the district in which he must be tried—that is, the district in which his acts of treason were committed—was not possible. . . . But nobody seems to have had the courage to look this fact in the face, and either push the affair to a conclusion or drop it. Accordingly it has been used as "a little game" to fill up the vacant hours of the bench and bar, Mr. Horace Greeley and his brother-bondsmen opening it by a magnanimous bailing of the prisoner, including a grand "reconciliation tableau" in which Mr. Greeley shook hands with the culprit.—*December 10, 1868.*

THE DISCLOSURES that have recently been made concerning the poverty of Harvard College have pressed home forcibly on the minds of the alumni what they already certainly, though vaguely, knew, and there is now making a vigorous effort to put into the hands of the trustees an unrestricted fund of at least five hundred thousand dollars. . . . Massachusetts . . . knows very well that without Harvard College she would not be the Massachusetts that she is. . . . And as the French say, money never harms anything; the millennium, when it comes, will no doubt have a sound financial basis.—*December 10, 1868.*

DOTY'S CLOTHES WASHER and the Universal Clothes Wringer. Sensible Holiday Presents. (ADVT.)—*December 17, 1868.*

MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY: The *Atlantic* for this month counts among its contributors Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Howells, Parton, Bayard Taylor, Whipple, Edward Everett Hale, and Higginson.—*December 24, 1868.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Tax on Money Hoarding

BY GEORGE RICHMOND WALKER

THE idea of incentive taxation as a method of forestalling post-war unemployment is receiving attention in unexpected quarters. Proposed by economists such as Dahlberg, Hazelett, and Stuart Chase, it has been considered favorably by the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, by the editors of *Fortune,* and by United States Senators, notably Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, who headed the Temporary National Economic Committee.

The purpose of incentive taxation is to encourage those who contribute to, and to penalize those who interfere with, the production and distribution of wealth. An essential feature of any program of incentive taxation would be a tax on funds retired from active business enterprise and held as idle money in a bank. The argument in favor of such a tax, given in a previous article,* may be summarized as follows:

A private-enterprise economy cannot survive unless it can maintain reasonably full employment. Industry, however, cannot provide jobs beyond its ability to sell the goods that its workers produce. The sales of industry depend upon consumer expenditure and capital expenditure. In so far as income is saved, consumer expenditure is reduced, and unless savings are promptly spent or invested, the sales of industry, and likewise employment, will necessarily decline. The power to employ labor is therefore derived, not from the ownership of plant and machinery, but from the ownership or control of funds available for investment. At present the power to employ is divorced from responsibility. Those who own or control investment funds may say in effect: "We will spend our money or not as we please. And we will invest if we anticipate a satisfactory profit for ourselves, and not otherwise. Any unemployment resulting from our refusal to spend or invest is not our concern."

In short, the profit motive alone cannot be expected to induce a flow of funds into industry sufficient to maintain full employment. The decade of the thirties proved that, and therefore an added incentive is necessary. This brings us to the question: Is it practical to tax idle money? How shall such a tax be devised and collected?

It is obvious, in the first place, that the tax should not apply to savings accounts, time deposits, or ordinary consumers' balances in commercial banks; it should apply to demand deposits and currency above a reasonable exemption. It should be easy to administer and difficult to evade. A tax on funds held by individuals might take the following form:

1. The end-of-the-month balances held by the banks as demand deposits for the account of individuals and personal holding companies shall be taxed, after deducting an exemption of $5,000, at the rate of 0.3 per cent per month. The exemption shall be allowed in one account only.

2. Uncashed travelers' checks and letters of credit, certified checks, and any other uncollected items debited to individual account shall be included with deposits when balances are determined for the purpose of this tax.

3. The tax shall be collected by the banks, debited to the respective accounts, and transmitted to the Treasury. The banks shall be paid for this service by the government.

These provisions are simple and practical. The amount of the exemption and the rate of the tax would of course have to be determined by Congress. A graduated tax, varying with the size of the bank balance, might be considered preferable to a flat tax.

A tax on currency should be assessed at the same time as the tax on demand deposits in order to prevent shifting and evasion, as follows:

4. Individuals and personal holding companies owning more than $1,000 in coin and currency of the United States on the last day of the month shall report within fifteen days to the Bureau of Internal Revenue the total amount of coin and currency owned on that day, wherever located. The amount so reported, less an exemption of $1,000, shall be taxed at the rate of 0.3 per cent per month.

There would be some, of course, who would not make honest reports of their cash holdings, just as there are some who fail to report all their income on their tax returns. But as one of the certain effects of a tax on money hoarding would be a rise in the price of securities and other assets, the motive for hoarding, which is usually a fear of declining values, would largely disappear. However, if it became apparent that considerable amounts of cash were unreported, the Treasury could be authorized to issue a new currency exchangeable for the old at par during a limited period and thereafter at a discount. There would be nothing unusual in issuing a new currency, for it was done several years ago when the size of paper money was reduced. The knowledge that a new currency might be issued would be likely to

* Tax Idle Savings! By George Richmond Walker. *The Nation,* November 6, 1943.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause all but a few to make honest reports of their cash holdings.

In order to prevent a shift from demand deposits to time deposits, the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, together with the Federal Deposit Insurance Commission, should be given authority to fix the minimum rate of interest which banks may pay on time deposits. (The board and the FDIC already have authority to fix the maximum rate.) If a minimum rate were not fixed, banks might accept time deposits from their customers, paying only a nominal or even zero rate of interest, and thereby assist them in avoiding the tax on demand deposits. With a minimum rate in effect, banks would not accept time deposits unless they could earn something more than the minimum by expanding their loans and investments. The reason for not taxing time deposits is that they are not used, except in rare instances, as money, and should not therefore be regarded as part of our current money supply. The shifting of funds back and forth between demand and time deposits would be undesirable, aside from tax avoidance, because it would mean an alternating contraction and expansion of our money supply which would further complicate the problem of effective monetary control.

To prevent the purchase and sale of securities by individuals from and to banks over the date of assessment of the hoarding tax there should be an excise tax of 1 per cent on the sale of securities by individuals to banks if the securities have been held for less than forty days.

Currency and bank deposits in the hands of brokers and agents would be taxable to them, and they could pass on the tax to their principals. Loans by individuals to trusts and corporations, unless evidenced by a bona fide mortgage or a public issue of bonds, would require the prior approval of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Finally, there would have to be controls over the export of capital funds, but these we are likely to have in any case. With the foregoing provisions in effect, the hoarding tax would be difficult to evade. Nevertheless, some loopholes would probably be found, as in the case of the income tax, and these would have to be plugged as they appeared.

So much for the penalty on hoarding by individuals. How can we prevent the excessive accumulation of cash by trusts and corporations? The following is suggested:

1. The normal tax on corporations shall be at the rate of 50 per cent of their net taxable income less an exemption of $25,000.

2. Net taxable income shall be considered as net profits less dividends paid out, and less one-half the sums invested out of earnings during the year in plant and equipment and charged to capital account.

Allowing the deduction of dividends paid out, in determining taxable income, would mean a drastic cut in taxes on corporations, but it would encourage the distribution of profits and increase the revenue from taxes on personal incomes. It would also distribute the burden of taxation more fairly, for stockholders with large incomes would pay at higher rates than stockholders with small incomes. Present taxes on corporate profits take the same percentage from small as from large stockholders.

Exemption of half of reinvested earnings would encourage the expansion of plant and equipment, which is most desirable. But it would hardly be fair to exempt all reinvested earnings, for then it would be possible for a small company to grow into a giant corporation without the stockholders or the company itself paying any taxes whatever. The value of the capital investment in a company increases as the company grows, and it is proper that this capital gain should be taxed. Exempting half of reinvested earnings from a 50 per cent normal tax would mean a 25 per cent tax on reinvested earnings, which is the same rate as the present tax on capital gains.

Congress may think it advisable after the war to retain the tax on the excess profits of corporations but to reduce the rate. The present tax, however, bears far more heavily on small growing companies than it does on large ones which are overcapitalized or which have a record of big sales in the past. If excess-profits taxes are retained, they should be designed to catch only the unreasonable profits of monopoly. The normal tax will take care of new enterprises and small and medium-sized concerns in competitive industries.

In addition to taxes on profits, it may prove necessary to impose a direct tax on cash held by corporations which, in relation to invested capital, current liabilities, and volume of sales, is obviously in excess of the reasonable requirements of the business. A tax on excess cash might be needed especially in the case of investment trusts and of corporations other than banks whose principal business is financial in character.

Although a tax on hoarding would unquestionably stimulate the investment of idle funds, there may be periods in the future when savings cannot be invested in private industry even at a nominal rate of return. In such a period the hoarding tax might cause funds to be invested at a negative rate of interest. It is suggested, therefore, that if money hoarding is penalized by taxation, the Treasury should maintain a tap issue of 1 per cent non-transferable five-year notes available only to individuals and non-profit organizations. This would put a floor under interest rates and make the government responsible for the investment of surplus savings which private enterprise could not absorb.

When the war ends, our money supply will be excessive, and will have to be contracted if the danger of a serious inflation is to be avoided. With the suggested taxes in effect, the government could borrow the surplus funds held by individuals and business concerns, at a low rate of interest, and use the money to reduce the government's indebtedness to banks. This would con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tract the money supply by reversing the process by which it was expanded. Once the money supply was adjusted to the needs of the economy, on the basis of full production and employment, it could be controlled so as to avoid both inflation and deflation. Without taxes on hoarding, no effective monetary control is possible, for changes in the volume of money made by the monetary authorities would continue to be offset and nullified, as in the past, by extreme variations in the rate of circulation.

Diary of the Future

BY VERNON BARTLETT

[*This is the sixth instalment of "a cautionary tale . . . a rash attempt to write history before it has happened," by a distinguished British journalist and member of Parliament. In* The Nation *of December 4 Mr. Bartlett described the opening of the Washington Peace Conference in September, 194–.*]

VI. De-Nazifying Germany

OCTOBER 15. The Commission for German Reeducation is said to be in difficulties. The arguments on either side are equally plausible, and it is a great pity the problem was not decided one way or the other while Germany was still fighting, for discussions now give a lamentable impression of weakness and indecision. One argument is that Germany must be occupied for an unspecified number of years by foreign teachers as well as by foreign troops, since German teachers could never be trusted to do the job. The other is that we must somehow differentiate between the bad and the less bad of some seventy million Germans, and to some extent put our trust in the less bad, since an occupation which is not as nearly "invisible" as possible will inevitably play into the hands of the German war party.

The argument that Germans must reeducate themselves raises at once the question that is the bogy of so many delegates: What sort of Germany do we want? Are we so frightened of socialism that we dare give no encouragement to the Socialists and Communists who opposed Hitler so strongly that they were tortured in concentration camps? Certainly that fear seems to be uppermost in the minds of many delegates, and they would prefer to deal with the Prussian officers, who also, they assert, often stood out against Hitler. In the British and American delegations there is a remarkable tendency to forget that the Officer Corps opposed Hitler at first because he wasn't socially acceptable and later because it feared the rivalry of his Brown Shirts and Black Shirts. It is also carefully forgotten that these men and their families have maintained themselves in power for generations with the same stubbornness as the British aristocracy, with the very important difference that they have done so by a succession of foreign wars, while the British have done so by a succession of social compromises at home.

As for the German middle class, somebody quoted from *Fortune's* supplement on United States relations with Europe the salutary reminder that "in all German history the German burgher has stood by, wringing his hands, while others performed his political tasks for him." It was, after all, the lower middle class that showed its lack of political balance by becoming Hitler's earliest and most enthusiastic supporter. It would seem as though the only Germans who are politically conscious and who would probably be constructive are the workers, and there are remarkably few of them among the German refugees hanging round the delegations here.

I have been much shocked since I came here by the number of people who have openly deplored our refusal to deal with Ribbentrop and Papen when we had the chance to do so, and who are opposed to giving the slightest encouragement to the trade unionists and other labor leaders who are beginning to emerge above the flood of bewildered and timid German mediocrity. It was inevitable such men should be thrown up, since they run the essential services of the nation. Without them, there is no coal, no transport, and no food. If we treat them with the contempt with which we *should* treat the kind of German who has run the country since Bismarck, we shall push Germany and Europe into a series of revolutions, the end of which nobody can foresee.

October 19. Sir Arthur Salter as chairman of the Transport Commission is involved in a great battle with private interests to retain control over shipping. Although the Atlantic is now a "safe" sea and munitions no longer have to be brought across it, there is still a shortage of ships, partly, of course, on account of the vast military supplies that are being sent out to India, but partly on account of the terrific demands from Europe.

Some governments in exile from the occupied countries had managed even during the war to lay up stocks for their own people, and now, naturally but unfortunately, they want to regain absolute mastery over their own vessels or to charter vessels from other countries to bring these stocks home. They are prepared to offer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost any sums, and the shipping companies don't like to see such offers made and not accepted. On the other hand, Salter and the UNRRA officials are most emphatic that Europe must be treated as a whole. It has all along been obvious that the countries most in need of help are the ones least able to pay for it, and if we once begin to consider the Continent as a hotchpotch of separate countries, these poorer parts will drift into ever greater misery, all the old national rivalries will be revived, and the opportunity of uniting Europe will have passed.

October 22. David Woodward has written from Berlin. Says there is a great scrap among the disarmament experts about bases in Germany. It has not yet been reflected in the Disarmament Commission over here, but it soon will be. The British want to hang on to Wilhelmshaven and maybe Hamburg and Kiel, with enough air bases on the Frisian Islands to prevent their being taken by surprise—which seems unnecessary if the Germans are to have no aircraft at all. The Russians want Stettin and Rügen, so as to keep Berlin covered. The French and the Poles want everything they can get. The Americans, so much farther away from Germany, are strongly opposed to all these suggestions, which they treat as "annexations."

October 24. News on the radio of a deputation, organized by a nasty-sounding bunch of people, to the Ministry of Economic Warfare to demand that no further blankets, sheets, and so on should be sent to the Continent because they are wanted at home. Of course they are, but the deputation saw the Parliamentary Secretary, Dingle Foot, and he seems to have been in the best possible form. Reminded them of the number of divisions the Germans had had to allocate to the policing of Europe, of the much greater sufferings the Europeans had known than we had, of the generosity and thoughtfulness of the British toward one another during the blitz, and of the fact that mean-minded people were often also cowards. Then he ended up with the most devastating details of the havoc caused in Europe, twenty miles away from England, by Polish influenza, malaria, typhus, and tuberculosis. The fear of this influenza is now so great in Britain that every visitor is inoculated at his port of arrival. Judging from the way I felt during my own very slight attack, I'm not surprised, and I bet some of the organizers of the deputation went home and gargled themselves sick.

October 25. The Economic Subcommittee of the Economic and Financial Commission of the Preliminary Peace Conference—to give it its full and ugly title—has now got down to brass tacks. In this atmosphere of secrecy, which grows denser as the resentment of the Big Four against any criticism becomes more peevish, it is difficult to know details. In any case, since the decisions will be made by three men—the American, British, and Russian chief delegates—a lot of the arguments seem unnecessary. If these men listened to their experts, the arguments would be useful. If the public were allowed to be represented, the arguments would be useful. As it is, they only add to the general bitterness and confusion.

The Anglo-American attitude is definitely opposed to any attempt to treat Germany as it treated the states that came under its domination. If we were to make that attempt, we would burn every book we disliked; we would send German children to other countries where, cut off for the rest of their lives from all contact with or knowledge of their parents and their birthplaces, they would be trained as non-Germans; we would decide exactly where German factories were to be and what they should manufacture; we would order German workers around Europe, pay them about half the pay of non-Germans, and make them live in the equivalent of forced-labor camps; we would torture or kill anybody whom our secret police believed to be dangerous.

But the Anglo-Americans could not enforce such a policy unless their people wanted it, and most of their people don't. To change roles with Germany in that way would be to decide that we were designated by fate to be the *Herrenvolk*. The Americans lack the necessary racial unity, and the British lack the necessary manpower; both lack the necessary lack of any sense of humor. The "soft" attitude—the adjective comes from one of the Poles—not unnaturally angers the smaller nations that until a few months ago were under the Nazi heel. You can't blame them, but also you can't encourage them if, this time, you are going to win the peace.

Some farsighted Germans are said to welcome the Atlantic Charter method, with its immediate disarmament and economic help. Germany couldn't, anyhow, make war for at least a decade, and they hope that our disarmament commissions will behave in such a way that the German people will be ready to rearm when the time comes. They know Germany will have to pass through terrible hardships in the next years, and they will be glad to put the blame on the Atlantic Charter rather than on themselves.

But that is a danger we must meet, and one realizes now how unwise it was to avoid discussion of it while the war against Germany was still on. We might then have come to the conference with a policy common to all the United Nations. Instead, the smaller powers are going around grumbling like the devil.

It's against this political background that the economic experts have to do their stuff. These are some of the proposals they are arguing about: First, all German heavy industry must be "internationalized," with non-Germans in part-control of the factories and on every board of directors. In that way raw materials could not be diverted to war purposes. But there are two objections to this. There was a lot of "internationalization" of industries before the war, and nobody believes that the very close relations between the great chemical combines, for exam-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple, did anything to prevent war. Quite the contrary. The American press has come out very strongly against any step that would put us still more under the influence of these cartels, especially as Germany was so darned efficient at organizing them. Therefore, some of the newspapers argue, foreigners on these boards of directors must be representatives of governments and not of firms. Only a few of the newspapers produce this argument; far too many of them are influenced by the slogan "free enterprise." The prejudice against anything in the nature of government control will probably prevent any real control over German heavy industry.

October 28. The Juridical Commission is discussing a solution of the "war-criminals" problem which sounds unimpressive but which seems to win supporters whenever it is discussed. The commission has to avoid several snags: (1) it is hampered by the absence of adequate international law; (2) it must avoid any action which might convert these gangsters into martyrs in the eyes of future Germans; (3) the extradition of Himmler from the Argentine has not been obtained, and the Americans will make no attempt to persuade the Argentine government to give way if a death penalty is to be imposed; (4) Anglo-American opinion, especially among supporters of the various churches, is more and more opposed to a series of spectacular trials and executions.

The Prime Minister of the Provisional Government of the Netherlands, Dr. van Kleffens, was, I believe, the originator of the present proposal, which is that the war criminals should merely be sentenced to hard labor on reconstruction work for the rest of their lives. They would work in Belgium, Poland, or some other country to which they had helped to bring destruction and misery, and their wardens would be ordinary prison wardens of non-German nationality. Precautions would be taken against active maltreatment but also against the slightest alleviation of their lot.

Partly, one suspects, to keep public opinion quiet, and partly to remind the commission that it has other subjects to deal with besides the fate of war criminals, a monster demonstration is being organized in favor of the new Declaration of the Rights of Man, an international Bill of Rights. One thing Hitler has taught us is that the old conception that a government might treat the people under its control as it pleased is a sure way of getting war. In the past—and the League of Nations came up against the problem time after time—we were always told we must not interfere in matters of domestic jurisdiction, with the result that the Nazis were able to destroy in their own country the whole conception of the integrity of the individual—the basis of Christianity and democracy alike. And we were told we must not interfere.

It is going to be difficult to devise a system which carries out in practice the freedoms of the Atlantic Charter, but public opinion in the United States, in the British Commonwealth, and in most countries of Europe seems pretty united in demanding some sort of machinery to enable a man who can't get justice in his own country, for racial, religious, or political reasons, to appeal to an international court.

In the Wind

WHEELER McMILLEN, editor of the *Farm Journal,* who has been mentioned as a possible Republican candidate for the Presidency, told a recent Chicago meeting he was "tired of being confused by vague generalities," and offered the following platform of his own: prosperity, national productivity, a strong America, expanded happiness of Americans, and United States international policies serving our interests.

"BOSS" ED CRUMP OF MEMPHIS recently ordered the cancelation of a meeting in a Negro Baptist Church at which A. Philip Randolph, president of the International Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, was billed to speak on Negro problems. The Boss's command was transmitted through Sheriff O. H. Perry, who called some twenty prominent Memphis Negroes to a conference. He met them, not in the conference room of the state's attorney's office, but in the bull-pen of the county jail.

THE CRITICAL FACULTY: From a review of Sholem Asch's "The Nazarene" and "The Apostle" in the Nevada edition of the *Register,* a national Catholic newspaper: "We express unmitigated contempt for these works. . . . Among the books forbidden by Catholic law (Canon 1399) are . . . volumes of any non-Catholic treating professedly of religion unless it is certain that nothing is contained in them against the Catholic faith."

WANT AD in the San Francisco *Chronicle:* "Nylon, 3 prs., reward for unfurn. apt. or small bung."

FROM A LETTER by an American soldier in Africa: "It gave me a funny feeling to see some newsreels of the Tunisian war and to be sitting next to men who had fought in the same campaign. There were also many photos of and praise of guys like Eisenhower, Patton, etc., with no pictures or comment on Alexander, Montgomery, etc., who everybody over here knows were responsible for the entire victory practically. It sort of gripes the Tommies, and I don't blame them a bit."

FESTUNG EUROPA: Native Danish storm troopers have become such a public nuisance that the German authorities have been forced to arrest a number of their leaders. They are said to be more an embarrassment than a help to the Nazis. . . . *Yank* reports, "There's a strong possibility that the Germans have already executed Primo Carnera, the former world's heavyweight champion, for his anti-Fascist activity in northern Italy."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How French Resistance Grew

BY JULES MOCH

[*Jules Moch, a Socialist Deputy and former Minister, was arrested on Pétain's order in September, 1940. After his release from prison in 1941 he joined the resistance movement and devoted himself to coordinating the efforts of the underground organizations until he was forced to flee from France. In an article published in this section on December 4 he described the hostility to Vichy that dominates all classes of Frenchmen today. A third article will deal with the problem of setting up a republican government in liberated France.*]

IN ORDER to give American readers some feeling of the present strength and activity of the underground in France, it is necessary to recall briefly the state of affairs immediately after the armistice and to show how the forces of resistance gradually coalesced and developed into a unified national movement. The armistice left France both confused and demoralized. The millions of uprooted people who clogged the roads were stunned; no one could understand what was happening. Laval took advantage of the chaotic situation to convoke the National Assembly and have it vote unlimited powers to the man of his choice, Pétain. Of the 950 members, more than 200—wounded, captured, or held in the occupied zone—were unable to reach Vichy. Of the others, only 80 voted against this treason.

Every party had its renegades. The eighty who stood fast included thirty-nine Socialists, fifteen Radicals, and twenty-six moderates and conservatives. (the Communist deputies loyal to Moscow had been unseated after the Russo-German pact). The Socialist parliamentary group numbered 156 deputies and 16 Senators, of whom about 100 were present at Vichy. Thus less than half of them, plus scarcely a quarter of the Radicals, opposed the fascist military dictatorship.

The moral disintegration in the Assembly was duplicated throughout the country. Soldiers left their units for home, declaring that they had been betrayed by their officers or by the parliamentary regime. General de Gaulle's courageous, farsighted, and noble appeal to his countrymen aroused but a small minority of the people. The abdication of the Parliament at Vichy brought few protests.

In September, 1940, Reynaud, Daladier, Léon Blum, and many of the Socialists who had voted "no" at Vichy were arrested. French democrats, shaking off their torpor, then began to understand that Pétain meant to instal his own brand of fascism and to discredit the Republic and its representatives by charging them with responsibility for the defeat. The country's confidence in "the savior of Verdun" was shaken. Depression was accentuated when the Marshal went to see Hitler at Montoire in October. It was lessened in December when he dismissed and imprisoned Laval—only to release him immediately afterward. The elevation to power of Admiral Darlan in February, 1941, marked the high point of "Pétainism."

But Darlan proved to be an even more willing collaborator than Laval and praised the "generosity of the Germans." Pro-Pétain sentiment was further diminished by the racial laws promulgated at the end of 1941 and tightened in 1942, the persecution of foreign-born and later of French Jews, and the harsh rule set up in Alsace. Laval's return to power wiped out the people's last illusions. Finally, the man-power levy in late 1942 and the deportation of French workers to Germany in 1943 brought their hatred of Vichy to a climax and cemented the unity of their resistance.

Paralleling the trend of public opinion against Pétain, there was a reawakening of national self-respect and a desire to redress France's wrongs. After June, 1940, everyone tuned in regularly on the B. B. C. broadcasts. With their sharp critical sense the French soon perceived the servility of their press, and news from abroad became a necessity to them. People fought at newsstands for such Swiss papers as still came in. They bought out the radio shops. The news was passed along by word of mouth, and the Vichy papers were read only for rationing announcements. Patriots discovered other patriots, repeated General de Gaulle's messages. The resistance movement was born.

In the factories, shops, and cafes men calling themselves *Gaulliste* coalesced into groups. Soon remnants of the political parties began to meet in secret—first the Communists and Socialists, then the Catholics, moderates, and Radicals. But no Frenchman knew where his neighbor stood or dared confide in him. Naturally therefore in the beginning the political groups had few adherents and little communication with one another. Even

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a party as disciplined as the Socialist Party reappeared only in scattered cells. All action was local, uncoordinated, and ineffective.

Toward the middle of 1941, however, certain elements established regular relations with General de Gaulle and the Free French in London and received from them valuable advice and aid. From then on underground activity expanded rapidly. Leaflets were printed. Newspapers made their appearance and were systematically distributed by "chains" of coworkers. Daring men carried the copies in heavy valises from the printing plant to various cities. Here the papers were divided among the leaders of the chains, who in turn divided them among the members; single copies were then delivered by these individuals.

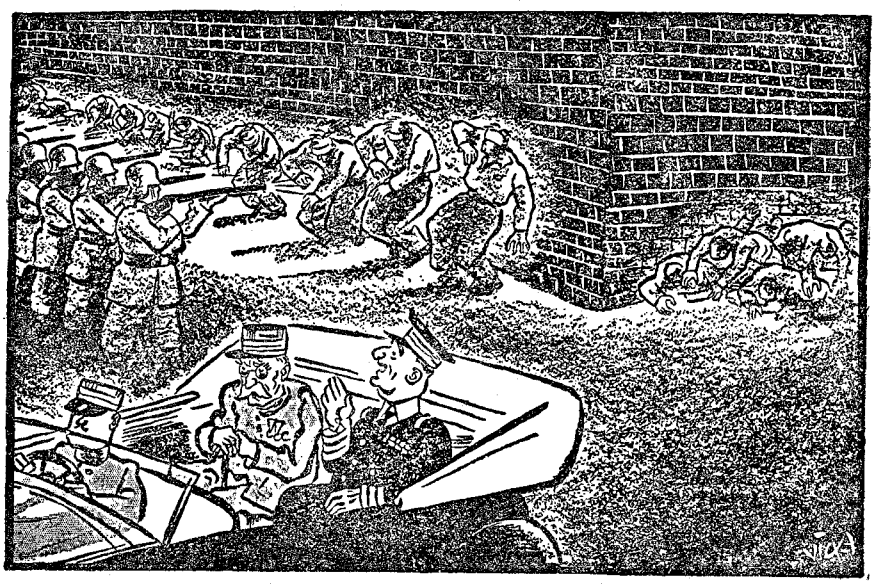
At present seventy underground papers appear fairly regularly once or twice a month. The largest of them prints 100,000 copies, another 70,000. *Le Populaire,* the Socialist Party paper, has one central and eight regional editions; *l'Humanité,* the Communist organ, has an equally large printing—this in a country where one's every move is watched by the police and where the paper shortage is acute. Do Americans realize the cleverness, perseverance, and heroism that go into obtaining newsprint for these papers, setting the type, and distributing the copies?

Organizations publishing a paper utilized their distributing systems to form affiliated groups throughout the country. By the middle of 1942 about a dozen national organizations had established many branches and were carrying on various kinds of work. One group formed a quasi-military troop and armed it as best it could in preparation for the liberation struggle. Another trained anti-fascist shock brigades to combat the Legion of Veterans and other fascist or governmental militias. These brigades frequently took the offensive and smashed the windows of government offices and fascist headquarters. Some organizations enrolled their members by professions. Three-quarters of the telephone operators of a city, nine-tenths of the railroad workers and customs officials, were ready to obey a given signal immediately. Even the army and the police force were honeycombed with resistance cells.

Two steps remained to be taken. One was to strengthen the liaison between the Free French and the resistance movement; the other, to coordinate the activities of the resistance forces. The first was achieved in July, 1942, when all French underground organizations announced their support of General de Gaulle, declaring that he symbolized for them and for all France the refusal to capitulate, loyalty to the Allies, and the strugge for victory.

At the same time the French National Committee in London decided to change its name to the "Fighting French" for reasons set forth in *La France Combattante* of August 28, 1942: "In view of the adhesion of all the groups within France that are participating actively in the resistance movement, we [the French National Committee] have chosen the name the 'Fighting French' to show that our organization includes the Free French forces, Frenchmen in our overseas possessions and abroad, and 'Captive France,' which is struggling against the invader and the authority usurped by a pseudo-government under the control of the enemy." From then on De Gaulle was the acknowledged leader not only of the tens of thousands of volunteers who joined him in London but also of the millions resisting the invader and Vichy in France.

Coordination within France was obtained more slowly, first, because the division of the country into two zones had forced the various organizations to limit their activities to one side or the other of the demarcation line, secondly, because the existence within the underground movement of non-political or secret-party groups created a delicate situation. Certain of these groups wanted no recognition of the old political parties. Finally, however, the difficulties were overcome. By the end of 1942 a committee of coordination was at work in each zone. In 1943 the Central Council of French Resistance was set up with authority over all organizations, political or otherwise, in both zones. The council consists of one representative of the Fighting French and sixteen delegates from the resistance organizations—eight from the non-political groups, six from the reconstituted political parties, and two from the trade unions.



"Mon Dieu! I was afraid it was my back tire."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The strength of the resistance forces has greatly increased since the formation of the French Committee of National Liberation in Algiers. A secret army is being equipped whose effectives are estimated to number 200,000 men. This army punishes traitors, destroys German supplies, commits sabotage according to plan, and offers a refuge to men who have fled from forced labor in Germany. For Laval and the Germans it is a source of anxiety which they no longer attempt to conceal. We have seen it in action in Corsica, where thousands of patriots rose against the enemy before the Fighting French forces arrived. Well armed and disciplined, they went into battle with the cry, "Long live the Republic! Long live De Gaulle!"

With the aid of its many branches the resistance movement has made a complete list of officials to be ousted, of men to replace them, and of traitors to be arrested. On the day that the Allies land in France not only will a French army fight at their side but a republican administration will be prepared to take over the reins of government from the men of Vichy.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

IF FOOD is a weapon, it is one that the Germans unfortunately are finding they can use to considerable effect. It has passed to them by virtue of the food situation in southern Italy, which is very much worse than it was before the Allied invasion, and worse than it is in northern Italy under German rule. The basic diet of the southern Italians consists of macaroni and bread. Under Fascism the macaroni ration was 650 grams a week; today practically no macaroni is obtainable. The bread ration was graduated from 150 grams a day for persons doing the lightest work to 500 grams for the heaviest workers; today 100 grams is the ration for all classes. In a word, as Mayor LaGuardia put it, the situation is "desperate."

Rumors about conditions in Italy, as may be imagined, have spread all over Europe—and the Germans are reaping the advantage. They are circulating the report that the Allies have carried off the entire food supply, and are emphasizing the contrast between the actuality and the people's previous hopes of having more to eat after the entry of the English and American troops. As the Paris radio expressed it:

> The gullible fools who have been spreading fantastic stories about the imminent return of the good old days now see their hopes going up in smoke. The United States has no intention of feeding the countries which it may occupy. What we shall have to do when the Sammies and Tommies have landed in Europe will be to tighten our belts another hole. . . . How much your English liberators will leave you is extremely uncertain. Our people in North Africa say that almost their whole harvest has been sent to Britain.

As usual, German statements on the subject have been so exaggerated as to damage their credibility. The well-known race expert Professor von Leers has discovered—and his discovery has been broadcast in many languages—that the scarcity of food in Italy is part of a deliberate policy of race extermination.

> The Jew Lehman, a leader of Tammany Hall, is director of Allied food shipments to occupied countries, and his policy is to let the people die of hunger. . . . The promises that food would be furnished the population from military stores have proved a swindle. The occupying armies requisition food. In Reggio, as early as September 28, the hungry masses stormed the military depots where requisitioned food had been stored. As a reprisal ten persons were shot. . . . The bread ration in the "liberated" regions is seventy-five grams a day. Only persons who publicly revile Fascism receive a small allowance of poor macaroni. The Americans call this distribution of macaroni "feeding the pigs." Behind it all lies not muddle but a plan to destroy the population by starvation.

Such extravagant assertions convince nobody. The average European listener may well conclude that the Allies did not cause the food scarcity but have simply been unable to relieve it. Nevertheless, the fact that the Italians are hungrier under the Allies than they were formerly under Mussolini or are even today under Hitler cannot be entered on the credit side of the psychological balance sheet. It may easily make a greater impression on people than the news of the setting up of the UNRRA.

When public opinion lacks normal means of expression, it discovers subtle ways of making itself felt. This is illustrated by a dispatch in the Stockholm *Aftontidningen* of November 7 describing certain happenings in Vienna. Soccer, it should be explained, is the favorite sport of the Viennese.

> Anti-German and anti-Nazi demonstrations occurred in Vienna when the Vienna Soccer Club returned from Stuttgart, where it had defeated the Luftwaffe soccer team. Whispered campaigning before the team's return caused it to be welcomed with *Hoch* instead of the official *Heil*. City Councilor Blaschke was made uneasy by this open demonstration against Germany and asked the crowd to give a cheer for the Führer, but only a few persons responded. Immediately afterward a very large number shouted *Sport Frei,* the greeting used in the old days by the Socialist workers' sport associations.

The Gauleiter of Vienna, Baldur von Schirach, the dispatch continues, "contemplates the prohibition of all soccer games between Austrian and German teams, fearing that they will always give rise to anti-German demonstrations."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Mind Is an Enchanting Thing

is an enchanted thing
    like the glaze on a
katydid-wing
        subdivided by sun
        till the nettings are legion.
Like Gieseking playing Scarlatti;

like the apteryx-awl
    as a beak, or the
kiwi's rain-shawl
        of haired feathers, the mind
        feeling its way as though blind,
walks along with its eyes on the ground.

It has memory's ear
    that can hear without
having to hear.
        Like the gyroscope's fall,
        truly unequivocal
because trued by regnant certainty,

it is a power of
    strong enchantment. It
is like the dove-
        neck animated by
        sun; it is memory's eye;
it's conscientious inconsistency.

It tears off the veil, tears
    the temptation, the
mist the heart wears,
        from its eyes—if the heart
        has a face; it takes apart
dejection. It's fire in the dove-neck's

iridescence; in the
    inconsistencies
of Scarlatti.
        Unconfusion submits
        its confusion to proof; it's
not a Herod's oath that cannot change.

MARIANNE MOORE

The Poetry of Millay

COLLECTED LYRICS. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers. $5.

MISS MILLAY belongs to the ages. Posterity, which is an anachronism, may prove this strong impression an illusion. But we shall not know about that. Meanwhile Miss Millay has written a good many poems, most of them in this new collection or in her collected volume of sonnets, which make her a great poet to most readers of poetry. These readers consider Edgar Allan Poe, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Blake, and Shakespeare great poets also; and if they read Poe, Longfellow, and Miss Millay, rather than Blake and Shakespeare, what else can be expected? How else can these readers sustain their view of what great poetry is?

This new collection shows how Miss Millay belongs to an age as well as to the ages. She is dated in a good sense. Like Scott Fitzgerald, H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, prohibition, and midget golf, she belongs to a particular period. No one interested in that period will fail to be interested in Miss Millay's poems. This is not to say that she, or the other authors, was a spokesman. The notion that a creative author can be a spokesman is a convenient and unanalyzed confusion. Creative authors are not elected like Congressmen or chosen like committees, and a creative author can only write well what he truly believes. But there is an inherent sympathy or rapport between the unique talent of some authors and the leading tendencies of the age. The age draws forth and often helps to fecundate what it can use or what it finds interesting and significant in an author. And this is often a sad thing, for some authors are used and then discarded, after groundless illusions have been forced upon them; soon, for example, no one will remember who James Branch Cabell was. But this fate will not overtake Miss Millay. Her lyrics were used by the period, and she was made famous by their usefulness; but now they are inseparable from the period, and they will always illuminate the liberated Vassar girl, the jazz age, bohemianism, and the halcyon days of Greenwich Village. Who can forget the famous quatrain in which a lady's candle burns at both ends, and will not last the night, but gives a lovely light? How could this point of view have been stated with greater economy of means or more memorably? Yet not all that is memorable is admirable.

Some authors can survive a *Zeitgeist* success, especially if, like Mann, they are profoundly frivolous as well as serious. And some, like Yeats, learn and gain a great deal precisely because their hour in the limelight has come and gone. But Miss Millay has perhaps been defeated by her very success. "Fatal Interview," the volume of sonnets she published in 1931, is probably her best book, but there is nothing in it which represents an advance in perception or insight over her first book, which was published in 1917. To compare the two books is to see how all that is good in her work, all that is of permanent interest, is circumscribed by the period in which she became a famous poetess.

Consider, as an example, the view of love which recurs without exception in these lyrics and in many of Miss Millay's sonnets; in one of her best-known sonnets, "What lips my lips have touched and how and why/ I have forgotten," Miss Millay compares the female protagonist of the poem to a tree and "the unremembered lads" who were her lovers to birds. Is this not the eternal feminine of the day when woman's suffrage was an issue and not yet an amendment? If one has a weakness for visualizing images, then the dominant image of the poem certainly presents the female and the lads in unfair proportions. Elsewhere some lovers are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assured that a love affair is not any the less true love because it has been rapidly succeeded by several more love affairs, an assurance which might come gracefully from Catherine the Great, let us say, but which is not really the kind of attitude that makes great poetry. Is it not, indeed, just as shallow as its opposite, the squeezable mindless doll whom Hemingway celebrates? Yet just such attitudes explain Miss Millay's popular fame at the same time as they exhibit her essential failure. The late John Wheelwright remarked that Miss Millay had sold free love to the women's clubs. Yes, this has been at once her success and her failure; and one should add that another attribute of this kind of famous authoress is that of inspiring epigrams.

When we look closely at Miss Millay's poetic equipment—her images, diction, habits of style, and versification—we find the same twins of success and failure. Her diction especially is poetic in the wrong sense: the candles, arrows, towers, scullions, thou's, lads, girls, prithees, shepherds, and the often-capitalized Beauty and Death are words which come, not from a fresh perception of experience, but from the reading of many lyric poems by the Elizabethans, Heine, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Christina Rossetti. The alternative is not the simple one of substituting electric lights for candles and machine-guns for arrows; Sandburg is just as falsely poetic as Miss Millay because he embraces this opposite. If there is an alternative, it is perhaps to be seen flickering in the poems in which Miss Millay draws upon what she has actually looked at on the New England coast or in the Maine woods: "the soft spitting snow," "the silly bleating sheep," "the scratching of dry leaves," the pines, the hemlocks, the apple orchard, and the blunted ax.

But if Miss Millay had cultivated and searched out the actuality of this experience instead of using it as a stage set, she would not be the first text of all the girls who are going to write poetry; she would not have depended upon attitudes which are as characteristic of literate youth as the sophomore year; after her second volume she would have abandoned the obvious and banal poses she has struck in the face of love and death. She would not be the most famous poetess of our time, and she might have composed a body of poetry characterized by the nonesuch originality—however often warped, thin, fragmentary, exotic, or ingrown—of Marianne Moore, Leonie Adams, Louise Bogan, and Janet Lewis, four poets who will never be as popular as Miss Millay.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

Life of a Hero

THE DUKE: A LIFE OF WELLINGTON. By Richard Aldington. Viking Press. $3.75.

RICHARD ALDINGTON has cultivated many literary crops, but hitherto he has not attempted to raise a biography. Nevertheless, he has succeeded in producing a fine, sturdy plant even though its shape and color are rather unexpected. Readers who recall "Death of a Hero"—a notable example of the post-1918 anti-militarist school of fiction—may be surprised to find its author treating a general with respect and even affection. But national heroes have come into their own again. In the twenties they were ruthlessly cut down to pigmy size; today they are back on their pedestals with new cubits added to their statuary.

I do not wish, however, to convey the impression that Mr. Aldington has idealized the Duke of Wellington so as to make him unrecognizable. His is a flesh-and-blood portrait, and the blemishes have not been painted out, although they have not been high-lighted either. But if the author has inhibited his considerable gift for irony so far as his hero is concerned, he has given it full rein in treating the minor characters who crowd the scene, and has been something less than just to many of them. No one has cause for complaint when he directs his sarcasm at the fatuous Duke of York, who for many years was commander-in-chief of the British army and its worst affliction, or at other royal incubi of the time. But Wellington did not beat Napoleon on his own or in spite of his subalterns, as Mr. Aldington sometimes seems to suggest. And some of the Duke's political coadjutors had more sense and patriotism than they are given credit for.

Since Wellington—born Arthur Wesley—was a younger son of a noble but temporarily impoverished house, in an age when family meant almost everything, it is a little hard to make an Alger hero of him. But Mr. Aldington has tended to stress the odds he had to overcome to conquer fame. True, he was neglected and unhappy in his youth, and his mother had a low opinion of him, announcing at one point that he was "food for powder and nothing more." His education might have made a rebel of him; instead, it confirmed him in all the prejudices of his caste.

For want of better preferment Wellington entered the army as an ensign at the age of eighteen. Six years later he was a lieutenant colonel. Such rapid promotion at that time could only be achieved by powerful patronage. Yet he was very dissatisfied and was constantly seeking more lucrative employment—a fact which his latest biographer records with obvious sympathy.

There is no need here to summarize Wellington's military career. Nearly two-thirds of this book is devoted to his battles in India against Tippoo, Sultan of Mysore, and the Mahrattas, the Peninsula War, and the brief campaign of Waterloo. Mr. Aldington gives a clear and readable account of these wars and avoids entanglement in too much detail. He brings out well the Duke's eye for terrain and his genius for logistics. Above all, he emphasizes his hero's unfailing common sense, which proved an invaluable asset in dealing with over-romantic opponents. This quality was displayed to the best advantage in the part he played in the pacification of Europe, when he used his influence against the imposition of crushing burdens on France.

Wellington lived on for thirty-seven years after Waterloo, and for twenty or so he was perhaps the most influential figure in British politics. The history of this period is a prolonged drama, in many of the most stirring scenes of which the Duke appears in the role of a Canute bidding the wild waves of reform to halt their advance. In the years that he had been campaigning abroad forces had been born which he did not understand. The Industrial Revolution had gathered increased momentum, the country had become rapidly urbanized, and a new middle class and new proletariat were demanding with growing insistence that the landed aristocracy surrender its political monopoly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wellington, said Disraeli, "knew nothing about England," and Mr. Aldington, for all his contempt for Dizzy, is forced to agree with this verdict. The result was that fifteen years after he returned from Waterloo, a national hero, he had become the most execrated man in the country. Throughout those years he had defended stoutly the divine right of the English ruling class. He saw the movement for parliamentary reform either as a reckless attempt to upset an almost perfect constitution or as a conspiracy fostered by foreign gold. Twice he led the Tory forces to defeat reform bills, and the London mob smashed his windows. Yet in the end he grasped the fact that the alternative to reform was civil war and used his influence to insure enough absenteeism in the House of Lords to allow the bill to pass. Nor was this the only occasion when he finally aided the passage of measures, such as the repeal of the Corn Laws, which he and his fellow-Tories had vehemently opposed. As Mr. Aldington justly observes:

> The Duke knew perfectly well that a country can only be governed by one of two powers, the people or the sword, and on the whole, much as he disliked the people, he disliked the sword more. That is why he would oppose popular measures with which he disagreed, but never beyond the point where rioting might become revolution.

I think this passage explains why Mr. Aldington has chosen to celebrate this particular hero. Wellington was a great soldier who never became a militarist.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Fiction in Review

AS I began James T. Farrell's "My Days of Anger" (Vanguard, $2.75), the fourth and final volume of the Danny O'Neill series, I was struck by how vividly Farrell's characters had remained in my memory from my reading, some years ago, of no more than a single one, the first, of the Danny O'Neill novels. Danny's father Jim (now dead), his mother Lizz, his cranky and wonderful old grandmother, his Uncle Al, who worships education as a holy mystery, and his drunken Aunt Margaret—all Danny's family recalled themselves with uncommon clarity. I found myself contrasting this experience with the experience I had had when I reread John Dos Passos's "U. S. A." Surely I am not the only reader who has difficulty remembering the people in Dos Passos's novels, and it occurred to me that perhaps the reason we forget them so quickly is that while Dos Passos gives them an intellectual understanding, he gives them no real love. Even his pity is a kind of symbolical literary pity rather than pity out of his own feeling. This is quite the opposite of Farrell's relation to his characters. Of the two writers, Dos Passos undoubtedly has the more various and dramatic imagination; indeed, it is Farrell's great weakness as a novelist that his people have so little dramatic possibility; he seems unable to permit his literary creations to grow up and have a life of their own in the big world. But he has the more creative heart: his characters endure in memory because they were created in profound affection.

Of course, in the measure that the material of Farrell's fiction is autobiographical, his love must also be called self-love. His long fictional obsession with the theme of his own background is so revealing in this regard that the reader is

MOTION PICTURE

A PICTURE OF ALL AMERICA . . . FOR ALL AMERICANS
MacKINLEY KANTOR'S
HAPPY LAND
A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX Picture
Plus a sensational stage show
Now Playing **ROXY** 7th AVE. & 50th ST. Doors Open 10:30 a.m.

MEETING

Tenth Anniversary
REICHSTAG FIRE TRIAL
COMMEMORATIVE MEETING
HONOR THE HEROES OF TEN YEARS OF ANTI-FASCIST STRUGGLE
SPEAKERS:
Louis Adamic, Arthur Garfield Hays, Lillian Hellman, Philip Van Gelder, Channing H. Tobias, Earl Browder
Dramatization of GOERING and DIMITROFF testimony
Edited by HOWARD FAST and PETER LYON
CARNEGIE HALL, 57th St. & 7th Ave.
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 8 P.M.
TICKETS: $1.10, $1.65, and $2.20 available at
REICHSTAG FIRE TRIAL ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEE
Paul Robeson, Frederick N. Myers, Co-Chairmen
55 West 42nd Street • Room 743 • CHickering 4-1584-5

PUBLICATIONS

LaGuardia Blamed "Hoodlums"
What Is The Truth? Read
THE HARLEM RIOT
A COMPREHENSIVE STUDY
PRICE 25¢ *Order From* JUST OUT
SOCIAL ANALYSIS
G. P. O. Box 399 New York 1, N. Y.

A SUPPLEMENT FOR THE FUTURE
JOBS for ALL
Full Employment After the War
A Special 32-page *Nation* Supplement
Presenting a plan on which labor, farmers, and small business can unite to save the country from needless depressions.
By THOMAS R. AMLIE
Single Copy Price, 10 Cents
Special rates for copies in bulk of 100 copies or more on request
The Nation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost embarrassed, and perhaps it is embarrassment that accounts in some part for the gruffness with which each new iteration of the Chicago subject is received by certain critics. But even granting that Farrell's love of mankind is love only for that section of mankind from which he drew his own being, there are few contemporary writers who have the power to trace their sources and their growth with so much talent for observation and in such a disciplined prose. For some reason or other, in the years since I last read one of his novels, I had got the impression that Farrell was a careless writer—quite as if, being like Dreiser a realist, he had necessarily to be tarred with the brush of Dreiser's stylistic slovenliness. But actually Farrell is a meticulous if limited craftsman, choosing both incident and language with thought and skill; in fact, the contradiction between the apparently uncontrolled flow of his narrative (and the rapidity with which novel follows novel) and the care with which each scene is chosen for its place in the whole pattern of the story is one of the paradoxes of his work. There is another paradox which relates to Farrell's obsession with his past: although his energies are so disconcertingly devoted to self-portraiture, his basic objectivity of approach and his refusal to intervene on behalf of Danny O'Neill's author could surely serve as a lesson to many writers who would condemn him out of hand for his excessive self-concern.

"My Days of Anger" covers the years 1924-27—the years in which Danny comes to young manhood. He earns his own living, studies at the University of Chicago, breaks with Catholicism, and, perhaps most important, makes his first eager steps as a writer. O'Neill-Farrell is moving out from the family group and testing its values; and because he is young and soon to be an artist, the education of his mind and emotions is the education of his taste in poetry. In literature he finds meaning for the environment in which he was raised, and in the promise of literature the promise of the righting of its wrongs. At the end of the novel, his grandmother dead, Danny is leaving for New York, and he thinks: "His people had not been fulfilled. He had not understood them all these years. He would do no penance now for these; he would do something surpassing penance. There was a loyalty to the dead, a loyalty beyond penance and regret. He would do battle so that others did not remain unfulfilled as he and his family had been." In other words, it is on a call to battle, at once touching in its naive inadequacy and moving in its personal passion, that Farrell concludes the education of his novelist as a young man.

But literature is not made from calls to battle, and it is one of Farrell's grievous errors to think that it is, just as it is his error and misfortune to see even his purely literary problems as the continuing conflict between two dreadfully opposing sides. On the one side is truth, on the other side lies; and since he knows that he tells the truth, he thinks that whatever someone else wants him to say is untruth. Thus in "My Days of Anger" Danny is studying with a professor of creative writing, a not very subtle caricature of the academician. "You want to be a realist," says this thin voice of criticism. "But is it realism to say that all life is unhappy?" The professor goes on to take the young author to task for omitting a "glimmer of hope" in his stories. Danny replies, "I didn't make unhappiness. I didn't invent Chicago. I'm only trying to describe Chicago as I know it." That is, Farrell would seem to sum up all possible objection to his method as objection to his unpleasant truthfulness. Well, perhaps some unimportant section of opinion has expressed itself on this low level; it would be the same opinion that acclaims a book like "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." But Farrell deceives himself harmfully if he regards all serious adverse criticism as so essentially without seriousness.

For, clearly, his pleasantness or unpleasantness is quite beside the point of his ultimate success as a novelist. The people he writes about could be rich and beautiful instead of poor and woeful and superstitious, and he would still be subject to the same criticism for the limits within which he has held his imagination. One of the finest things about Farrell is his love, but even love, and certainly all the accuracy in the world, cannot compensate for his preference for the actionless, the plotless, and the unvarious. He seems to believe that to intensify by dramatic action or by the invention of plot is to falsify; but this is as if, telling the story, say, of Othello, he should think it more truthful to record a lifetime of Othello's emotional insufficiencies and racial inferiorities than to introduce an Iago to precipitate Othello's uneasy innocence into violence. And his rigid refusal to allow his characters movement in the world has a significant resemblance to the loving-cruel family authority which so crippled all the O'Neills and made it necessary for his grandmother to die before Danny O'Neill could leave Chicago.

DIANA TRILLING

When Freedom Is Forgotten

FREEDOM, FORGOTTEN AND REMEMBERED. By Helmut Kuhn. University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

WE HAVE had many books on the cultural and spiritual, as well as on the economic and political, roots of Nazism. Of the many I doubt whether there is one which is equal in sanity, breadth, and depth to Kuhn's "Freedom, Forgotten and Remembered." This is something more than a simple and self-righteous interpretation of Nazism as the consequence of German romanticism, after the manner of several recent expositions of the cultural roots of Nazism. Kuhn, who was once a professor of philosophy at the University of Berlin and a secretary of the Kant Society and who is now teaching philosophy at the University of North Carolina, sees the German sickness in the context of the total spiritual problem of the Western world. He understands the demonic force of Nazism more profoundly than most non-German critics; but he also understands the static corruption of the Western world which gave this dynamic corruption the chance to grow. "There are," he writes, "two ways of consigning freedom to oblivion. It may suffer a gradual loss of substance and thus fade away. This process is reversible. The forgotten freedom may be remembered. Or freedom is repudiated and cast out by an irrevocable act of despair; from it there is no return save through rebirth." He believes that the democratic world is guilty of forgetting freedom in such a way that it may yet be reclaimed and that Nazism represents the repudiation of freedom by an irrevocable act.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guilty of Cowardice

by Leon Henderson

America loves courage.

America loves success.

Not long ago we honored ourselves as Americans by applauding two old friends, Sweden and Denmark, for conspicuous gallantry and success on the field of action. Our citation should read, "For unexampled moral bravery."

How I wish that we might also make an American citizenry award to the United Nations for similar moral courage towards Jewish people in Europe.

But you know and I know that this is impossible.

The Allied Governments, in the face of a clear call of moral duty, have been guilty of cowardice.

For years, the leading Allied National Governments have known that the major political weapon of Nazi bestiality was extermination of the Jews.

But this war issue has been avoided, submerged, postponed, played down and resisted with all the forms of political force available to powerful governments.

One of the aims of warfare is the destruction of the political structure of the enemy. Woodrow Wilson knew this well. The Allies knew how to help break Fascism under Mussolini.

But the Allies have left the Nazis taunt them, and by so doing have made conspicuous a frightening moral and political weakness within our own structure.

I say, in all earnestness, that Sweden and Denmark have proven the tragedy of Allied judgment. At a time when the ideals for which we fight need illumination and fortification, these two brave countries have shown America the path of leadership.

Make no mistake. This is a concern, this is a responsibility for all Americans and all Allies. This is a matter of national honor and not a very private and confidential business of those who happen to be of Jewish descent.

Our leaders know how America flamed about the extermination of Lidice. Well, Lidice has been repeated on a monumental scale and the Nazis have announced their intent to make every Jewish community in Europe another Lidice.

Why do we stand idly by?

We hear vague statements of "military expediency." This is an abuse of the rightful use of military expediency. Why not let the public conscience judge between expediency and Jewish extermination?

I know, far better than many of you, that the Allies have engaged in many a bold, risky and concealed venture to handle special situations of high political and strategic importance. But I know of none which are more justifiable than specific aid which the Allied Governments might extend to European Jews.

Let the United Nations, with all solemnity and force, tell Hitler and everyone who assassinates the Jew that they are being set down for trial for murder.

Let them know we care.

Let the United Nations open the doors of the slaughter house from the outside.

Let the United Nations make provision for temporary asylum, for temporary visas, so that agonized Jews may help themselves.

Let the United Nations tell satellite countries like Bulgaria and Roumania, and neutrals like Turkey and Spain, that it wants to help Jews to be saved. Above all, let the United Nations speed their own self-redemption by bold action through a recognized, formal organization so that all the world, enemy, neutral and friend, may know their clear intent.

This is no postwar problem.

This is no matter to await the Peace Table, a peace table that will be haunted by the ghosts of millions that have already perished. It calls for moral action now, action that will nourish our moral fibre.

If this be a war for civilization, then most surely this is the time to be civilized.

(From an address at a mass rally in Carnegie Hall, N. Y. C., organized by this committee in honor of Sweden and Denmark.)

We are trying to do our duty. Do your share, too!

There are four million Jews still alive in Europe.

They can be saved. Experts agree on that. Sweden and Denmark have just proved it by saving 6,000 Jews in a few days.

This committee considers it a sacred duty to do all humanly possible to save them. Our offices and representatives in Washington and in London, in Palestine and in Turkey, are steadily working in this direction, trying to get large-scale government action. This action will have to express itself in the creation of an Intergovernmental Agency to save the Jewish people of Europe and in declaring the doors of Palestine and other countries under United Nations control open for escaping Jews. For it is now strictly a race for time against death. *Every day that passes dooms thousands who can be saved.*

This Committee is asking the American people for substantial financial support with which it hopes—and believes—results can be secured effecting the rescue of the four million martyred Jews in Europe.

We need your financial help immediately. By your support will be determined the speed, scope and effectiveness of our work to save the Jewish people of Europe.

Emergency Committee to Save the Jewish People of Europe

ONE EAST FORTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y. MURRAY HILL 2-7237

EXECUTIVE BOARD

CO-CHAIRMEN: Peter H. Bergson, Louis Bromfield, Ben Hecht, Rep. Will Rogers, Jr. Mme. Sigrid Undset.

VICE-CHAIRMEN: Dean Alfange, William S. Bennet, Konrad Bercovici, Jo Davidson, Oscar W. Ehrhorn, William Hells, Prof. Francis E. McMahon, Dean George W. Matheson, Herbert S. Moore, Fletcher Pratt, A. Hadani Rafaeil, Lisa Sergio, Rep. Andrew L. Somers, Dr. Maurice William.

MEMBERS: Stella Adler, J. J. Amiel, M. Berchin, Rabbi Philip D. Bookstaber, Bishop James A. Cannon, Jr., Lester Cohen, Rep. Samuel Dickstein, Nathan George Horwitt, E. Jabotinsky, Rose Keane, Emil Lengyel, I. Lipschutz, Lawrence Lipton, Emil Ludwig, S. Merlin, Michael Potter, Curt Reiss, K. Shridharani, Johan J. Smertenko, Arthur Szyk, Thomas J. Watson, Gabriel Wechsler, Alex Wilf.

By a ruling of the Treasury Department contributions to this Committee are tax exempt

N1

Emergency Committee
to Save the Jewish People of Europe
1 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

I hereby join your efforts to obtain immediate United Nations action to save the Jewish people of Europe. I enclose my contribution to enable you to carry out this tremendous task in the sum of $.....

Please make checks payable to
Mrs. JOHN GUNTHER, Treas.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In expounding this thesis he illumines many of the perplexing issues of our day. He shows us why a democratic government which allows freedom for the expression of various creeds and philosophies cannot save the democratic way of life if meanwhile a high sense of purpose no longer animates those who claim this freedom. In such a case they may think of freedom as no more than the right to pursue conflicting interests and may interpret interest in merely economic terms. Professor Kuhn gives us a penetrating account of the emptiness of our bourgeois world, which the Nazi devils sought to fill; and in doing so he carefully estimates the contribution which historical relativism, the "either-or" philosophy of existential philosophy, and other cultural forces made to either the liberal or the Nazi sickness.

Professor Kuhn deals with the future as profoundly as with the past. He sees no easy possibility of rebirth for Germany, and he has a lively sense of the political realities which must be incorporated into a decent peace. He hopes that the war will not end "with a compromise between a generous fiction and a brutal reality," the fiction incorporating the ideal of universal justice in some unworkable league of nations and the brutal reality expressing the vindictiveness and will to power of the victors.

On the inadequacy of a purely military victory I know of no better word than the author's:

> It is not intolerable, either to an individual or to a nation, to be defeated by a real victor, that is, by one who believes in the truth of his triumphant cause. Only the meaningless adversity is utterly crushing and demoralizing. It would be a meaningless catastrophe for Germany and Italy to be defeated by superior resources rather than by men who believe in the freedom for which they fight. We must hope that the despondency of the politicians will not belie the valor of the fighting men. Only a true victory will prompt the enemy to acquiesce, morally as well factually, in the defeat as final and decisive.

This is definitely a book worth reading with care. Incidentally it is written so imaginatively and in so robust a style that one suspects the author of no ordinary linguistic gifts. The retouched prose of average émigré writing is usually more labored. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

DRAMA

SINCE "Carmen Jones" (Broadway Theater) falls mainly into Mr. Haggin's province, you will find a review of it on page 742. I shall confine myself to a few remarks about Katharine Cornell and her latest production "Lovers and Friends" (Plymouth Theater). Miss Cornell plays the well-known part of the understanding woman to whom all men turn—and return. The other characters are merely foils. The play, in short, is what is known as a vehicle.

I know that good new plays are as scarce as hens' teeth, and Miss Cornell may have her reasons for not producing a good old play—though the success of "Othello" by one Shakespeare and the easy money flowing through the box offices make me wonder what they are. But her choice, as a producer, of this particular bad play points up what seems to me her great defect as an actress. In "Lovers and Friends" she gives a characteristic performance which her admirers will like. I enjoyed it up to a point, for Miss Cornell is good to look at and she is an experienced and trained actress. But I find her acting less than satisfactory for the very elementary reason that she creates no illusion. I have never seen her surrender to a part, though I should add, perhaps, that I have seen only a limited number of her performances. Whether from a lack of imagination or a lack of humility or both, she appears to be incapable of making the spectator forget that she is Katharine Cornell. In the present play it hardly matters; one may even be glad to believe that Stella Boswell is really Katharine Cornell. It does matter in such a play as "The Three Sisters," which she produced last season. For when one of Chekhov's characters insists on being Katharine Cornell as well, it leads to a serious disturbance of the piece.

Raymond Massey has a limited range as an actor, and he is not well cast as an English barrister. But even if he were well cast, and a first-rate actor besides, he would be hard put to it to give life to the many wooden lines he has to speak, partly because the play gives him no support. The scene in which he tells his wife (Miss Cornell) that he has fallen in love would not be quite so unconvincing, for example, if one believed for a second that his sally into romance might turn out to be a one-way journey instead of a quick round trip. In other words, the play has neither the common garden variety of suspense growing out of uncertainty about its ending nor the tension of good writing, which also creates suspense of a different sort.

This is the time of year when lists are in order. Here are the productions that seem to me worth seeing for one reason or another.

"Carmen Jones"—reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Broadway Theater.

"Othello," for Margaret Webster's clever production and José Ferrer's brilliant portrayal of Iago. Shubert Theater.

"One Touch of Venus," for Mary Martin's charming presence, Sono Osato's dancing, Mainbocher's gowns, and a general sophisticated gaiety. Imperial Theater.

"Innocent Voyage," for the excellent performances of Abby Bonime and her pirate friends, Oscar Homolka and Herbert Berghof. Belasco Theater.

"Winged Victory," for the G. I. cast. Forty-fourth Street Theater.

"A Connecticut Yankee," mainly for Vivienne Segal. (Not reviewed before.) There are dull moments in this revised revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical, but you will enjoy Miss Segal's lusty performance and especially her singing of "To Keep My Love Alive." There is also Vera-Ellen's fast and, to my taste, a bit too furious dancing. I need hardly say that Mark Twain would be as surprised at what goes on here as the Yankee was in Camelot. Martin Beck Theater. MARGARET MARSHALL

Stop Press: "The Voice of the Turtle," which I have seen since writing this review, belongs well up on the list. I shall discuss it next week. Morosco Theater. M. M.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS

"HAPPY LAND" tells how the ghost of a man who fought in the Civil War comes to comfort his middle-aged grandson, whose own son has just been killed in the present war. The old man leads him through the small town and through his own remembrance and his remembrance of the life of the son. Some of this is idyllic and pretty, which is fair enough. But you get no impression that the son had any troubles that a glass of Pepsi-Cola wouldn't cure; so that you wonder whether such a life could have been lived and whether it was worth the bother. The idea advanced here is, quite to the contrary, that the son's life, being American, was worth dying for. This idea seems to me arguable, at least as it is served up here; far too much of it is the sort of boiled-and-buttered native corn, fresh from the can, for which MacKinlay Kantor is beloved by some.

However, the thing is quietly and sincerely played, especially by Don Ameche and Henry Morgan, and as quietly and sincerely directed by Irving Pichel. Also, it was shot in a real town (the more Iowan-looking parts of Santa Rosa and Healdsburg, California; Santa Rosa was first used for Hitchcock's "Shadow of a Doubt"); so a real town's irreducible beauty and validity keep forcing the softly handled theme toward its proper dignity. All of Joseph La Shelle's photography is good; some of it is so cool, flexible, and sensitive that—along with the work of Alfred Valentine in "Shadow of a Doubt"—it takes up the Magna Charta for American films from the cellar corner where it was tossed along with the lost thirty-two reels of "Greed." Also I am glad to see even an attempt to show what a war death means to a family. Therefore, though I think "Happy Land" is tainted with dextrose and with that nasty-nationalistic self-pitying self-congratulation for which we plain Amurrican folks—in more ways than one like ostriches—are developing an ever more sinister and indiscriminate appetite, I also think it is worth seeing.

"What a Woman!" (what a title!) is about Rosalind Russell, a high-paid genius peddler who harpoons a college professor (Willard Parker) to play the romantic lead in a filmed best-selling piece of trash his fantasy life had spilled on to paper. As a profilist for the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, Brian Aherne looks on, and tells her that she is using only 10 per cent of her womanliness—a generous estimate—in the sort of life she leads. The professor goes gaga. I suppose it is amusing if, like me, you are at all likely to laugh at a kind of smartness on the screen which you—or I, anyhow—would yawn at on Broadway. Either sophistication is highly relative to context or I am. I suspect, and had better worry about, the latter. Anyhow, some of the interiors are nice pieces of kidding.

"Girl Crazy" has nothing in it I can recommend unless you are curious to see what makes one of the biggest box-office successes of the year; unless, like me, you find Mickey Rooney much more bearable since he quit putting his soul into his comedy—he seems now just a detached and very competent vaudeville actor; and unless, like me, you like Judy Garland. Miss Garland is a good strident vaudeville actor too; and has an apparent straightness and sweetness with which I sympathize. Judging by her infrequent "emotional" moments I would like very much to see her in straight dramatic roles.

"The Gang's All Here" highlights Alice Faye singing "No Love, No-Nothing," as torturing a piece of torching as the war has evolved, but is mainly made up of Bushy Berkeley's paroxysmic production numbers, which amuse me a good deal. There is one routine with giant papier-mâché bananas, cutting to thighs, then feet, then rows of toes, which deserves to survive in every casebook of blatant film surreptition for the next century. But then, for anthropological reasons, so does "No Love, No Nothing," as here filmed.

"The Heat's On" is a stale-ale musical in which a lot of good people apathetically support the almost equally apathetic Mae West. There is one wonderful shot, epitomizing a flop legshow trying to be dirty, in which a lot of peeled girls writhe rather wearily on a flight of steps. Victor Moore is good except for his big seduction scene with Mae, at which both of them merely sniff as if it were a saucer of black-market dog food. Mae West is mainly as good as ever, which is still plenty good enough for me; but evidently she and her colleagues feel that too few people agree with me.

"Madame Curie" is a smooth, rather horrible romanticization of a subject I am sorry to see romanticized. More about that later.

JAMES AGEE

ART

EILSHEMIUS: Paintings of 1909. At the Valentine Gallery through December 31. *NICHOLAS MOCHARNIUK:* Wood Sculpture. At the Marquie Gallery through December 11.

ARBITRARY though it might appear, no better selection of Eilshemius's work than his production of 1909 could have been made as a starting-point for the revaluation of his art. The quality is surprisingly high and consistent; yet the year marks a critical station in the artist's career. The simplification of his later—or what I choose to call "deranged"—period, with its yellows, acid greens, oranges, tans, and pinks, begins to emerge even as the comparative academicism of his earlier period reaches its fruition. We see that Eilshemius was a comparatively thin but very intense talent. Within certain rather narrow limits he pushed landscape painting to a maximum; where and when he strains beyond these limits he may become more original, but he lacks the sustenance of total feeling and of learning. The febrile, erratic intensity comes from a level too near the agitated surface of Eilshemius's experience, is the result of a mutilation, is fancy without imagination. Like all the deranged, Eilshemius lived toward the end only in a province of himself. This having been said, it can be said further that he was one of the best artists we have ever produced. The brushing of the trembling, loosely defined masses of color in "Sunburst—Delaware Water-Gap" anticipates, yet with a sensitivity to texture all its own, the best post-Cézanne landscape painting. But Eilshemius apparently grew to want his immediate emotion first, his painting last. Almost every other picture here is successful within its own terms—especially "Girl Waving" and "New York Docks"—but there is a gaucherie in the emotional blues; or the flatter, less recklessly handled light greens and yellows, played off against the top elementary composition of lights and darks, turn into something of a picturesque formula. Really, Eilshemius became too radical. His painting was at its best when it retained enough of academicism to give it body, complication—and control.

The work of the young wood-carver Nicholas Mocharniuk is worth being concerned about—if only to point out that he is captured too readily by facile and decorative rhythms suggested by nature, primitive art, and his medium.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He should study the problems of form in its more abstract incarnations—and realize that whatever he may do he belongs to the Gothic-baroque, pre-expressionist tradition of wood-carving, with its closely articulated forms and concentrated detail, rather than to the smooth mass and simplified line of most modernist and primitive sculpture. The fact is, wood seems rarely an appropriate medium for modernist art.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

MUSIC

IN "Carmen Jones" (Broadway Theater) a large amount of Bizet's music is used with a libretto by Oscar Hammerstein II which translates the original story of Bizet's opera into one about Negroes of today: Carmen Jones, a worker in a parachute factory, lures Joe, a corporal of the guard at the factory, from his small-town sweetheart Cindy Lou, gets him to desert and go with her to Chicago where she throws him over for a prizefighter named Husky Miller, and so on. Much of what was serious in the original is translated into terms—Negro characters, situations, ways of thinking, feeling, talking, doing—which are humorous in themselves and in their relation to what they recall to us in the original: T-Bone flinging himself out of the crowd in the few dazzling dance-steps that accompany his invitation to Carmen, as against the decorous advances of the member of the chorus in the original; Carmen's song about "a cafe on de corner" owned by Billy Pastor, to the music of the original Seguidilla about the inn of "mon ami Lillas Pastia"; Husky's "Stan' Up an' Fight," to the music of the Toreador's Song; "Whizzin' Away Along de Track" (to Chicago), to the music of the second-act Quintet; the goings-on in the crowd waiting for Husky's arrival at the stadium, as against the milling-around outside the bullring; and so on.

But not everything serious in the original is changed in this way; and I think—judging by the results I saw on the stage—this is a mistake. It isn't merely that I enjoyed the words of "Stan' Up an' Fight" in combination with the music of the Toreador's Song, but was made uncomfortable by the words of "Dis Flower" in combination with the music of the Flower Aria. It is also that the humorous portions employed the wonderful natural capacities of Negroes for fun on the stage, and produced moments of amusing and exciting theater, but the serious portions demanded an equipment for serious acting—the knowledge, for example, of what to do with body and hands—which these people did not have, and the lack of which resulted in stiffness and awkwardness and amateurishness that were painful to observe.

Then the dancing. Obviously there should have been dancing, not "choreography by Eugene Loring"—which is to say that the dances in Spanish style that one sees in the original opera called for translation into straight Negro. But the first false note—and a terrific shock after the ease and naturalness of the opening—came early in the first scene, when the factory girls were singing their lilting entrance song, and unexpectedly (there is no dancing in the original at this point) dancers began to go through the movements of a piece of serious arty choreography. And worse was to come later: the rising curtain disclosed the most exciting spectacle of the evening—a scene of the crowd dancing at Billy Pastor's that might have been the Savoy Ballroom; but while the audience was still cheering the dancing changed to a choreographed orgy (which I regret to say the audience cheered even more loudly). The one successful bit of choreography was the kidding of Spanish dancing in the country club scene; but better still was the straight Negro dancing of the street crowd in the final scene.

Raoul Pene du Bois's costumes had extravagance and humor that made them part of what is exciting in "Carmen Jones"; and there were excellent settings by Howard Bay. The singing of the principals on the second night was good; the playing of the orchestra under the direction of Joseph Littau lacked mere precision—to say nothing of character or style.

The best works and performances on records issued during the past year were Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5, with the solo part played by Schnabel (V Set 939, $5.50); his Trio Opus 97, played by Rubinstein, Heifetz, and Feuermann (V Set 949, $5.50); and his Quartet Opus 127, played by the Budapest Quartet (C Set 537, $5.50; poorly recorded). Other good works and performances were Beethoven's First Symphony, played by Rodzinski with the Cleveland Orchestra (C Set 535, $4.50; performance tense and hard-driving); his Piano Sonata Opus 27 No. 2, played by Serkin (C Set X-237, $2.50; fair performance, badly recorded); Corelli's Concerto in C, played by Biggs and the Fiedler Sinfonietta (V Set 924, $2.50); Griffes's Poem for flute and orchestra, played by Mariano and the Eastman-Rochester Symphony under Hanson (V 11-8349, $1); Lalo's Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys," played by Monteux with the San Francisco Symphony (V 11-8489, $1); Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, played by Beecham with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (C Set 538, $4.50; first and last movements badly recorded); Sibelius's Seventh Symphony, played by Golschmann with the St. Louis Symphony (V Set 922, $3.50), and by Beecham with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (C Set 524, $3.50; badly recorded); Tchaikovsky's "Manfred" Symphony (a diffuse work), played by Sevitzky with the Indianapolis Symphony (V Set 940, $7.50); Verdi's *Ah, fors è lui* from "La Traviata," sung by Sayao (C 71451-D, $1); his *E il sol dell' anima* from "Rigoletto," sung by Bjoerling and Schymberg (V 11-8440, $1); Wagner's Bridal Chamber Duet from "Lohengrin," sung by Flagstad and Melchior (V Set 897, $2.50); his songs "Träume" and "Im Triebhaus," sung by Lehmann (C 71469-D, $1). And some of the beautiful music from oratorios of Handel and Haydn in V Set 927 ($3.50) is well sung by Eleanor Steber, some of it poorly sung.

Works I don't care for that were well performed were Bach's Violin Concerto in E, by Busch with his Chamber Players (C Set 530, $3.50); Brahms's Sonata Opus 120 No. 1 for viola and piano, by Lifschey and Petri (C Set 487, $3.50); Schumann's song-cycle "Frauenliebe und Leben," by Lehmann, with very poor accompaniments by Bruno Walter (C Set 539, $3.50).

There were a number of good works poorly performed which I will list next week.

The best jazz performances were the Bechet-New Orleans Feetwarmers "Georgia Cabin" and "I'm Coming, Virginia" (V 27904); the Duke Ellington "C Jam Blues" (V 27856); and some of the performances in Decca's "Gems of Jazz—Volume 5" (Set A-324, $3) and in a few of the volumes of reissues in its Brunswick Collectors' Series: "Ellingtonia—Volume 1" (Set B-1000, $3.50); "Barrel House Piano" (Set B-1008, $3.50); "Riverboat Jazz" (Set B-1010, $3.50).

B. H. HAGGIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editors

Equality of Sacrifice

Dear Sirs: For months our government has been conscripting the persons of its young men to fight and perhaps to die in the defense of our country. In many instances the drafting of these men has involved and will further involve not only economic sacrifice but disruption of family life in many of its phases. In total war government has no choice in the matter—it must call on its eligible men and their dependents to make this sacrifice.

But having done so, is it too much to ask the Congress to make "equality of sacrifice," so far as is possible, a reality instead of a slogan by bending every effort to enact a tax law which will conscript our dollars also? A man hiding from the draft is an object of contempt; are weasel dollars, hiding from taxation, less so?

It seems to me that, over and above the exemption permitted to every taxpayer, in this time of emergency no income, regardless of source, should be left untouched by taxation.

During the debate on the previous tax bill, when the question was discussed of rescinding the tax exemption of certain securities, it was stated that to do so would be "an unpardonable breach of faith toward the holders of these issues."

When conscription was in the offing, do you remember the assurance our President gave to parents in his Boston speech—that our young men were not being conscripted for service outside the United States? Mr. Roosevelt spoke in all good faith, but events nullified his assurance. In other words, circumstances altered cases. But if, even in the midst of total war, circumstances alter cases for persons and not property, then surely that brave phrase "equality of sacrifice" will ring hollow in the ears of many of our fellow-citizens who have already made *their* sacrifice.

I have heard it estimated that about eighteen billion dollars' worth of tax-exempt securities are outstanding! It is unlikely that many of them are investments of people of moderate means—they are more likely to be found in the investment portfolios of citizens in the upper income brackets.

While no member of my family happens to own any of the above-mentioned securities, there is another tax inequity of which my mother happens to be beneficiary—through an inheritance which takes the form of annuities.

The income-tax law states that 3 per cent of the amount paid for an annuity shall be considered taxable income. The result in this case is that only $370.92 of an annuity income of $1,080 is taxable. In the case of an insurance annuity amounting to $1,200, only the annual dividend—this year $93.90—is taxable until the beneficiary has received a sum equal to the commuted value of the policy. This means that after deducting personal exemption of $500 my mother has no taxable income, although her actual income is $2,280.

Please contrast this with the tax liability of a single person with no dependents whose earned income could cease at any moment. An annuitant, on the other hand, receives income year in and year out, and because of its certainty is further favored, since there is no obligation to save for a rainy day—not to mention the peace of mind which a sense of security brings.

With the best will in the world there can never be complete equality of sacrifice, for to equate the sacrifice of taxation with that made by families of men in the service would be unthinkable. But surely those of us who are called upon for economic sacrifice only should stand and deliver for the sake of common decency. M. L. S.

New York, November 28

The Children of Europe

Dear Sirs: Recently Dr. Howard Kershner, former director of European relief for the Quakers, made a valiant but fruitless attempt to induce the British and American governments to relax their inflexible blockade of European ports of entry. His purpose was to bring aid to starving and disease-ridden children and babies of the occupied regions before it is too late. It goes without saying that the blockade is chiefly effective and deadly against the innocent victims of Nazi aggression, since the Germans are continuing to plunder ruthlessly their helpless slaves. As Dr. Kershner says, the present policy of Britain and the United States will leave all the peoples of Western Europe so weakened by starvation and sickness that the Germans will be the only people having the strength and health to rebuild Europe. The Anglo-American blockade indirectly works a terrible hardship upon the victims of the Nazis, thousands if not millions of whom are condemned to slow starvation, sickness, and even permanent impairment of health. A winter of untold misery awaits these unhappy peoples unless steps are taken to allow the entry of a few boatloads of foodstuffs and desperately needed medical supplies, for which the peoples of Europe can pay. They don't want charity. Now that victory is assured, can we not afford to take a chance on an experiment which has worked well in Greece, it seems, despite the attitude of the British Foreign Office? Is any effective military purpose being served by this slow torture of millions? The responsibility of the authorities who have made the decision is tremendous. I should not want to be in their place.

A. J. JOBIN

Ann Arbor, Mich., November 21

Three Against Kronenberger

Dear Sirs: "Motivate" is given as a verb in Webster, Century, and Winston—in case Louis Kronenberger should scare you. G. W.

New York, December 11

The Case of Winfred Lynn

Dear Sirs: We know that you, along with all democratic-minded citizens, are ashamed of the racial discrimination now being practiced in our armed forces. We know you share our concern at the sight of a Jim Crow American army fighting against Nazi racialism.

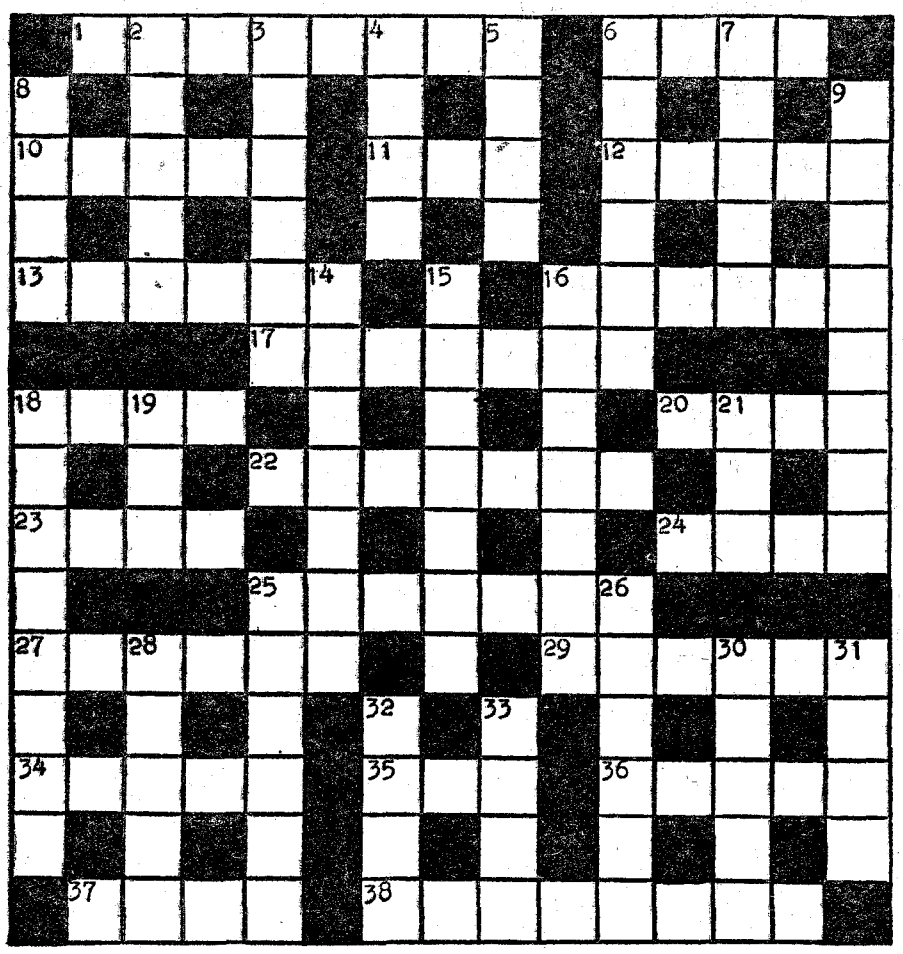
But what can we do about it? The army has disregarded all protests. How can we get action?

There is something practical and immediate you can do about it! The present racial policy of the military authorities is in flagrant violation of the 1940 Draft Act, under which the army is being selected and trained. Almost two years ago a Negro gardener named Winfred Lynn began his long legal fight to force the military authorities to obey the law. This fight is now nearing its climax. In 1944 the Lynn case will come before the Supreme Court of the United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cross-Word Puzzle No. 43

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 An office with salary but without work! Yet it might be insecure
6 Dress back!
10 A sort of frill: ask your wife
11 Trouble resulting from a swindle?
12 City of Paris
13 Good thing to do to a bad character
16 Appears to provide limited openings for Chinese
17 Wine on tap makes for fellowship
18 Black guards?
20 By Jane Austen
22 Wriggles
23 The mother of safety, if early and provident, said Burke
24 Unlike Adonis
25 Lowered in value
27 The greatest mother of all
29 It's bored
34 Cedar (anag.)
35 Our lightest word
36 Does this work of fiction never lose its freshness?
37 Knock out
38 Every year a friend winds up

DOWN

2 Location of a body at rest (two words, 2 and 3)
3 Girl never found out of her set
4 The two-toed sloth, you know
5 English school of note
6 Intelligent, and correct headless
7 No native
8 Partly open
9 The spy in this case is Miss E. Ray
14 Am queer under canvas
15 One sort of illusion
16 The M.P. fails to pass the cruet
18 Babes in arms?
19 Sweet or green
21 Gum up
25 The poet shows why a beast does not suffer from rheumatism
26 The dragon of a woman whose end is turning Anne back
28 Act it in modern dress? No, without words
30 Engagement that is usually terminated by one side or the other
31 Flower supposed to have sprung from the tears of Eve as she left the Garden of Eden
32 Cossack's heart goes out to Greece
33 An unknown but prolific writer

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 42

ACROSS:—1 IDAHO; 4 DEN; 6 TAILS; 9 FORCEPS; 10 ULYSSES; 11 RELIEF; 13 CAROUSAL; 15 ARBITER; 16 CHASTE; 17 ISIS; 19 SIMILES; 21 SOHO; 23 REIGNS; 25 THE EAST; 27 RASPUTIN; 28 EARNER; 31 PULL OFF; 32 KNOWING; 33 DORIS; 34 LAP; 35 THEME.

DOWN:—1 INFER; 2 AURELIA; 3 OVER-EATS; 4 DUST; 5 NOUGAT; 6 TAYLOR; 7 INSISTS; 8 SISAL; 12 FREIGHT; 13 CITI-ZEN; 14 REVERSE; 16 COS; 18 SOS; 20 SET ABOUT; 22 HOSTLER; 24 GUNFIRE; 25 TUDORS; 26 EIFFEL; 27 ROPED; 29 ROGUE; 30 SKIP.

In 1857 the Supreme Court decided that an obscure Negro slave named Dred Scott must be returned to slavery. This reactionary decision was one of the causes of the Civil War. Today the Supreme Court must decide the case of the obscure Negro gardener, Winfred Lynn. *Slavery was historically outworn in 1857, and second-class citizenship for the Negro is outworn in 1944.*

The legal side of the Lynn case is being handled by the American Civil Liberties Union. The noted civil liberties lawyer Arthur Garfield Hays is Lynn's counsel. Funds are needed for legal expenses. And funds are also urgently needed to arouse American public opinion in support of the case. Contributions may be sent to the National Citizens' Committee for Winfred Lynn, 1 West 125th Street.

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH, JAMES T. FARRELL, WILLARD S. TOWNSEND, NORMAN THOMAS, GEORGE S. COUNTS, ROY WILKINS.

New York, December 6

CONTRIBUTORS

HAROLD J. LASKI is professor of political science at the University of London and a member of the Executive Committee of the British Labor Party. His most recent book is "Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time."

GEORGE RICHMOND WALKER is a Boston business man who has contributed articles on economic and financial subjects to various publications.

JULES MOCH is at present a commander in the Fighting French navy.

MARIANNE MOORE is recognized as one of the most distinguished and original of contemporary American poets. Her latest book is "What Are Years."

DELMORE SCHWARTZ has written poetry, fiction, plays in verse, and literary criticism. He was a Guggenheim Fellow in 1940 and is now teaching English at Harvard. His books include "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities" and "Shenandoah."

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION, 55 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y. Price 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, $1. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index. Two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED